

AL GOLDSTEIN'S

National SCREW

DECEMBER, 1976
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**INTERVIEW:
SALVADORE DALI
ON SEX, MONEY,
& MURDER**

**SECRETS OF
STRIPPERS**

**HOW DO YOU
RATE AS A
LOVER?**

**NORMAN SPINRAD
ON PEYOTE**

**INSIDE
CUNNILINGUS**

**FICTION BY
HARLAN ELLISON
& TULI
KUPFERBERG**

**PLUS...GIRLS
BY THE ARMFUL**

IN LIKE FLYNT



Internal vaginal shot from *Through the Looking Glass*.

National SCREW

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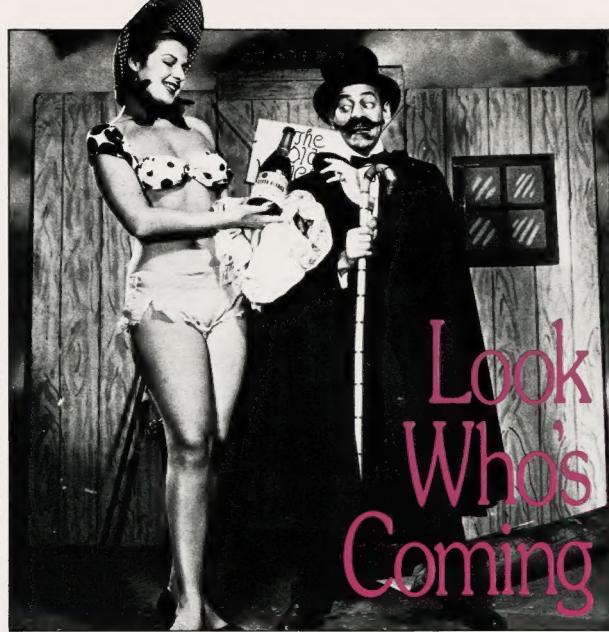
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ANDY WARHOL: He's elusive, but we tracked him down, made all the arrangements, and now you can join us as we spend a day with the most celebrated artist of our times.

TELEVISION: They're hot, they're heavy, and they're ready. We sent ace reporter Trixie Balm to check out the group that's beginning to shake up the rock world.

CONDOMS: More popular than ever, condoms are now available in a confusing array of styles, colors, shapes, and sizes. NATIONAL SCREW investigative reporter Boyd Hunter checked them out, and filed this report that answers, once and for all, the question of just what the well-sheathed man really wears.

ARCADE COMIX: It's the foremost underground comic book in America. Why? Take a look. Not for the squeamish.

FU MANCHU: Master criminal, or master pimp? The search for the man behind the legend leads to hidden manuscripts, opened in NATIONAL SCREW first (and exclusively) for your edification and enlightenment.

HARRY REEMS: Porn filmdom's main martyr tells what it's like getting fucked in films and in court.

WANT MORE? How about pages and pages of outrageous humor . . . a look at life after life . . . girls . . . more *Malice in Wonderland* . . . a report on recently discovered but unreported monsters . . . recipes for a buttocks brunch . . . and more girls!

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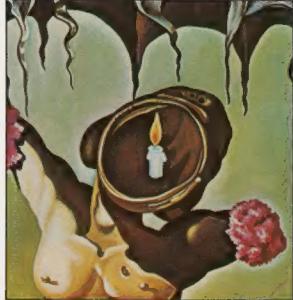
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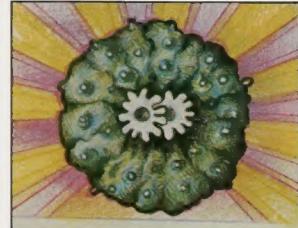


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He writes, plays, and sings some mean rock, and he wears Elvis' socks. Some guys have all the luck!

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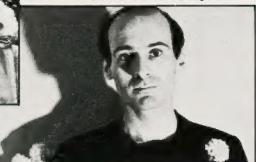
Perpetrators



V. Bockris & A. Wylie



Norman Spinrad



Jeff Goldberg



Wallace Wood



Robert Romanoli



Mary Harron



Colette Connor



Susan Toepper



Tuli Kupferberg

Victor Bockris and Andrew Wylie, the duo who interviewed Dali, are known for their fluid interview style. Victor, a native of London and now a resident of New York, is especially gifted in the perception and expression of the beautiful. He is also endowed with a hearty dose of dry humor. Andrew is currently investigating a notorious unsolved crime, but he doesn't mention which.

Norman Spinrad ("The Peyote Papers") comes to his knowledge of the arcane, scientific, cinemagraphic, and almost everything else through years as a full-time writer. As anyone knows, if you live by your words they'd better be good. Norman's have been so good, they've been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch, Portuguese, Danish, Russian, and Polish.

The erudite compiler of "What's Your Worst Nightmare?" Jeff Goldberg was born in Philadelphia. He moved quickly to Off-Broadway in mid-Manhattan where his dia-*l*-a-celebrity reportage has earned him a reputation as one of New York's most innovative journalists.

Creator of "Malice in Wonderland" Wallace Wood came to New York in 1948 and put his hands to work washing dishes in a greasy spoon. But, talent does not go unrewarded and soon he was working in comic books, including *E.C.*, which led to a 12-year stint as a regular contributor to *Mad*. He is currently publishing a book called *Sally Forth*.

Robert Romanoli, "Layman's Guide to CB" and "Rox Off," was not born in Brooklyn. He did not receive private schooling nor graduate from Yale with honors, or without them. He has never been plagued by illness, nor hired as an assistant to anyone of great notoriety. Until now he has done nearly nothing to either advance his career or amass considerable fortune. He has never been arrested, except once.

"New Johannesburg's" copy creator Mary Harron grew up in London, Los Angeles, Toronto, Italy, and New York. She presently lives in New York in an unhealthy relationship with her two cats. Educators classified Mary as a "gifted underachiever." At Oxford, where she underachieved with a vengeance, she edited *Isis* and learned to parse sentences correctly. Mary is a contributing writer for *Punk* magazine where her ability to spell correctly is greatly appreciated.

Harlan Ellison, "Lonely Women are the Vessels of Time," has been described (by himself as well as others) as "the most honored writer of imaginative literature in the world." With a description like that there's nothing to add, except that he is available for nationwide speaking engagements. Please contact: the author.

Colette Connor ("Secrets of Stripping") has been everything from an earth mother to a socialist to a pornographer. With an astute eye she has observed the seamiest side of the counterculture since its inception, but not by choice. Colette is now living down and out with the up and in in San Francisco.

Susan Toepper's article on Billy Swan, "Still Crazy After All These Years," shows her usual mastery of a favorite subject. Susan writes for *Gallery*, *Swank*, *Photoplay*, *New Dawn*, and various family magazines that she'd rather not mention.

Allen Ginsberg refers to Tuli Kupferberg ("Women Who Have Known Me") as "the man who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge and survived." And indeed, Tuli has survived—as founder of the Fugs, songwriter, poet, author, and, by his own admission, the "oldest rock 'n' roll singer in America."

Our Master's Voice

National
SCREW
116W 11th St New York NY 10011

NATIONAL SCREW - AMERICA'S HOUSE ORGAN

The second editorial of any new magazine is generally devoted to self-congratulatory words. Great praise is heaped upon the throngs of purchasers packed in front of America's newsstands waiting for that first issue. The impact of that first issue on American life and the economy in general is noted with pride. The management boasts that it has been the recipient of reader adoration that has not been seen since Romeo first sought the soft, warm pussy lips of Juliet. Even more letters of acclaim are reproduced from senators, congressmen, political bigwigs and other parasites of that ilk. But, it's all BULLSHIT simply because there is a long lead time for any slick magazine which generally means that the words you are now reading are very dead words since they were written a minimum of three months earlier. So, we have no idea of how issue #1 of NATIONAL SCREW has been received. For all of us in the corporate womb of the NATIONAL SCREW offices know, our first issue may not have been purchased by anybody. Meaning that the many hundreds of thousands of copies printed may not have received one unsuspecting \$1.95 for the purchase of their contents. This may, in fact, be the first magazine that has never been read by anyone other than people paid to read it, such as printers and proofreaders. We don't know and, in fact, we don't give a shit.

What we do know is that NATIONAL SCREW has taken months of loving care to produce and is based on the eight-year reputation of the controversial and often-arrested weekly SCREW, which has risked its editorial credibility in brazen belief in American freedom to pull this caper off. So, rather than knowing about the past, we who are grinding out issue #2, and are close to completing issue #3, feel each and every issue is getting better as we learn to make different mistakes and not repeat the old ones. In last month's space on this page, I boasted about my great ability as numero uno prick and cunt maven of the United States. I also mentioned, as briefly as I knew how, the involvement in this publication of the pimpled ass of infamous schlock book publisher Lyle Stuart. As we look further down the masthead we find even weaker and weirder talents.

Our Managing Editor, John Kois, first came to the public's attention when he frightened a bus filled with travelling nuns by exhibiting his ample posterior. The startled shrieks of the nuns were not enough for Kois, who promptly thrashed about on the floor asking to be saved while stroking his diminutive tool. Kois yelled, as spittle dripped down the sides of his mouth, "Will thy kingdom in heaven be a fair exchange for my huge, roustabout rod?" Kois was always a joker and the police were quite kind as they booked him for several misdeemors for his activities on that humid afternoon. Kois's other activities have included jaywalking, taking a course in carpentry which he dropped out of after two sessions, and nocturnal dreams focusing on the exhaust pipes of classic motorcycles.

The other unimportant honcho on NATIONAL SCREW is our Art Director, Bob Eisner, who was discovered one night in a milk truck with the other empty bottles. Since nobody claimed him for a deposit, we have domiciled him in our building. Bob first caught the eye of the public when he won an essay contest in grade school about "the phallic symbolism of crayons." Though Eisner first broke into the art world when he successfully drew a picture from a matchbook cover which he found on the premises of an auto wrecking lot, he has never distinguished himself in anything and this publication is further proof of his mediocrity.

Next month's editorial will be devoted to more information about the staff of NATIONAL SCREW and, once more, indicate why this is exactly the kind of publication the American people deserve.

Al Goldstein

Al Goldstein



CHRISTINE THE MODEL AS THE

My Grossmutter, Helga von Schnapp, came to America in 1937 — the year Walter Gropius was appointed Senior Professor of Architecture at Harvard University. She brought with her a son, Walter Gropius von Schnapp, my father. Now Grossmutter never said Papa was Herr Gropius' son—but she had been a janitress at Dessau in 1925, when the Bauhaus was there. Whether it was true or not, Papa always looked at Herr Gropius, whom he never met, as a shining



VON SCHNAPP ARTIST'S INSTRUMENT

ideal. And when he got older he became a block and tackle designer, very Bauhaus. Papa said he was the true heir to Bauhaus for only the block and tackle combined form and function with no silliness. Once, a construction man asked Papa to make a round block. Papa rose from his desk, stood straight and said, "If de square iz gut enuf for Josef Albers, is gut enuf for me." It was a proud moment for the von Schnapps.



Only the block and tackle combined form and function with no silliness.



Foto for NATIONAL SCREW

Picture Report

CHRISTINE VON SCHNAPP

Being very functional, when Papa decided he wanted a child, he looked around for a form that fit the function. Mama was large breasted. "Gut for de feeding," and large hipped, "Gut for de breeding." Soon I was born and placed in a lemon-wood and walnut cradle after a design by Marcel Breuer. Papa was proud, I had ten fingers, ten toes, two ears, a nose, two legs. Mama got bored with his counting and left.





Picture Report

Foto for NATIONAL SCREW

I had ten fingers,
ten toes,
two ears, a nose,
two legs.



Foto for NATIONAL SCREW
Picture Report

I was searching for my *Gestalt* when I noticed my form.

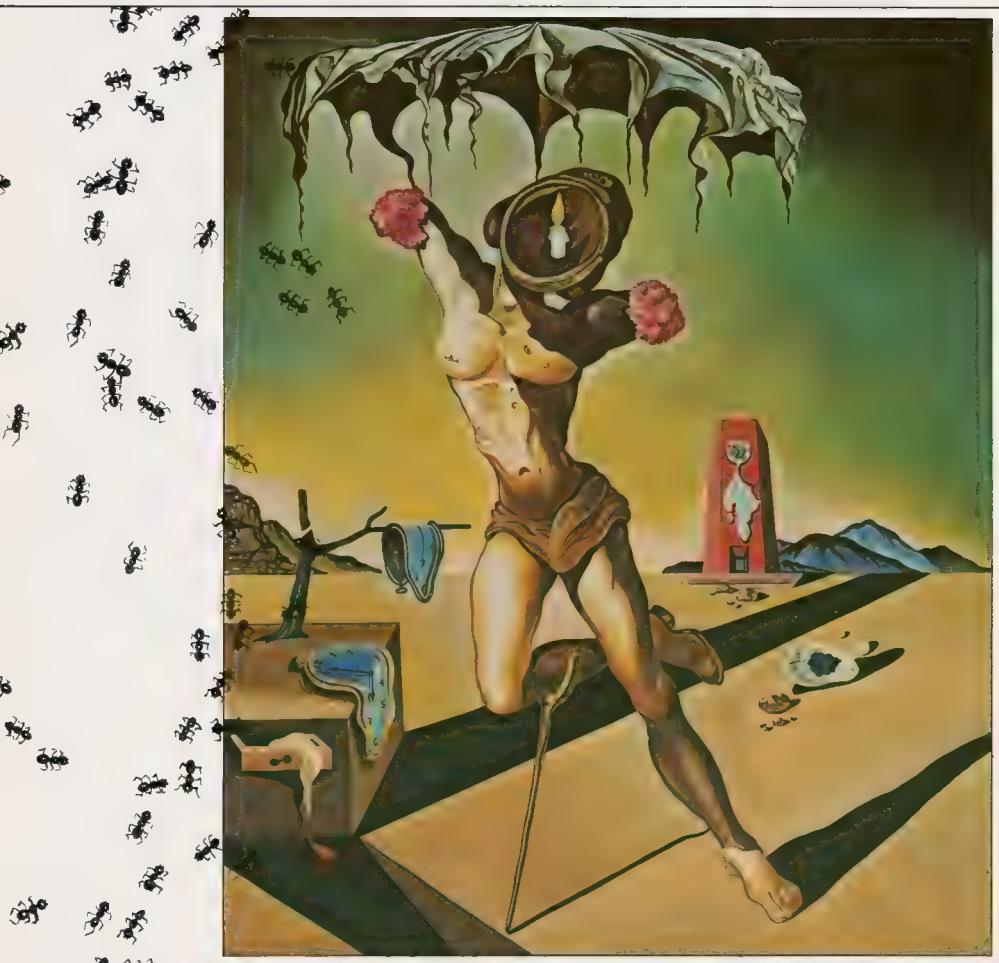
CHRISTINE

When I grew up I wanted to follow in my father's footsteps, but Grossmutti said it was not right a woman should make squares. A woman is round and meant for round things. Our family is all very Bauhaus. Still, I had an urge to be creative, wanted to create clear communication in its most vivid form, but I wasn't any good at typography.

VON SCHNAPP

One day in front of my mirror, I was searching for my *Gestalt*, when I noticed my form. Good hips, but not breeding hips, good solid breasts, but not for feeding. I thought about vivid communication and realized that I should be photographed nude. Nudity is vividly communicative, and my form fit the function, ja? So, here I am, communicating: *fulfilled!*

Sex, Money, & Murder:



A Conversation With Dali

by Victor Bockris and Andrew Wylie

It is early evening and nearly dark outside the golden revolving doors of the St. Regis Hotel in Manhattan as a cab pulls up beside the curb and, without waiting for the doorman to open the taxi door, two young men duck out in black suits and pale ties, one carrying a briefcase, one a Polaroid. It is cold; they hurry through the doors, coat collars turned up, looking neither to left nor right.

Inside, a family of six is checking in at the desk, with identical luggage. The foyer is grand in the old European fashion, red and gold with four or five attendants on hand.

The young men walk in briskly and turn left, past two liveried elevator men. They stop at a newsstand; "Look," one says, "I have to go to the men's room. I'll meet you back here." "Okay," the other says, and he buys a candy bar, walks over and sits down in a giant armchair under a big portrait of someone, munches the candy bar and looks at the clock. It is 7 p.m.

A man about five foot seven, thin, with black hair, wearing a three-piece British grey flannel suit strolls by the young man, who recognizes that it is the business manager of Salvador Dali. He watches as the man walks down a corridor and makes a sharp right, disappearing into the lounge of the King Cole Bar, Dali's Sunday night headquarters.

The young man stretches, gets up, and follows him slowly down the corridor, meeting his friend at the coatroom, next to a pair of glass doors. They check their coats, camera and briefcases, inspect each other's appearance, straighten ties, hair, and shoulders, open the glass door and step into a room sunken in darkness.

At the far end of the room, behind a tall candle wavering in a heavy silver candlestick, his face barely visible in the glow, sits Salvador Dali. To his right and left figures sink into shadows.

The youths advance. Halting some two feet in front of Dali's table, they look at him. He glances up.

DALI: Good evening. Sit down.

BW: Thank you. How are you?

DALI: Very good, very good.

BW: You look fantastic!

DALI: Ah, is true, is true.

BW: We want to interview you about sex, as you know.

DALI: All right. Alors, is possible you can tell now Dali is, everyday is less interested in sex.

BW: Why is that?

DALI: Because is not erotic. But I am tremendously interested no in sex, but in the leg.

BW: In what?

DALI: Leg. Leg.

BW: Legs. Why the leg?

DALI: Because is the anatomical angelic part of the people. And especial of the flies. Because dees is the more incredible jumping power. And is possible escape of the earth, the gravity of becoming angelic.

BW: You said the other day that you thought sex was going to be all anal.

DALI: The anus is good. Not like the vagina, not like the clitoris. But I like the anus because the anus is more erotic and possess 35—no, sometimes 35 and sometimes 36 wrinkles around.

BW: Oh yeah.

DALI: And this is excellent for the immortality of the soul. Because every animal before the judgment was in



the direction of the anus.

BW: Do you think anal sex is going to take over in the western world, is that what you're saying?

DALI: Ah no, probably is more respect for the anus, and is possible also to masturbate the anus.

BW: Do you think this will happen in America before it happens in Europe?

DALI: No, no, no, the anus start in Europe.

BW: You said that the fly was angelic because it can jump and be suspended. Can man be suspended?

DALI: Ah, no. The men is very difficult for jumping. That is, jump for many spiritual reasons, but not physical. And more quantity of electric energy is in the leg.

BW: Then it is better to have a longer leg? Does a taller person have an advantage over a shorter person?

DALI: No, no, no. The contrary. The mistress in the Middle Age period—

no, in the Roman Empire—immediately when a lady found one lover, the next day cut his leg, because lover becoming better with no leg. All blood coming in leg, comes in the sex. And is all time in erection. The limp people is the best lover exist.

BW: Limp people?

DALI: Yes, lame. Also the limp people is very good for create fantastic success. When Dali make party for one of my exhibitions, all the time invite 20 limp people, because limp people walk in completely asymmetric way. Limp people is very gay. Optimistic.

BW: Do you spend any time looking at the various sex magazines that come out?

DALI: I must catch information on everything.

BW: How about male nudity? Do you think male nudity is going to become bigger and bigger? More pictures of naked men?

"Fucking is very good with dolphins—the most beautiful fucking animal in the earth."

Photograph by Nancy Crampton

DALI: Ah but no. Only the anus. Exclusively.

BW: One thing I don't understand about the anus: does this mean that men are going to be fucking women in the ass?

DALI: Ah no no no, is not necessary absolute fucking. But is much good, much better fucking in the other side. Bravo!

BW: The man's anus is the same as the woman's anus?

DALI: Ah no no no no. The more divine anus is the anus twin, Castor et Pollux.

BW: Why?

DALI: Because one possesses 36 wrinkles and the other 26.

BW: Where did you find that out?

DALI: This is in my last book, and the name is *Ten Recipes For Immortality*.

BW: So you think the future of sex is

(continued)

men who approach him, then, preceded by one of his escorts, he heads across the room and takes a seat behind the two young men. He is wearing his costume of the moment which is a green velvet jacket, a white Brooks Brothers shirt, and blue and white striped tie, levis and brown boots similar to Dali's but with higher heels.

BW: What gives you the greatest pleasure in life?

DALI: Intelligence.

BW: Is one born with intelligence, or is this something that you get during your lifetime?

DALI: Intelligence is already in the molecular structures. The genetic code is all patterned for intelligence.

BW: Is the mother more important than the father?

DALI: The father is more important.

BW: Why?

DALI: Because the father is killed by, you know in the primitive conflict, the more crucial part of conflict is the boys, the son, like to fuck the mother. And the father is inconvenient. This moment the boys kills the father, fuck the mother, and after, eat the father.

BW: What do you think of God?

DALI: God is very little, and this prove that God is the more condensed quantity of substance. And probably the only substance exist is in God. And for this reason, is very condensed and explosive.

BW: Does God have sex?

DALI: Ah no no no no.

BW: No? Does he need sex?

DALI: No need nothing, is the completely creator. And also probably Jesus not by vaginal process. One Monsieur Larcher now make one book telling already the Christ is in the leg of the Virgin.

BW: What do you mean when you say that heaven is exactly in the middle of the chest of the man who has faith?

DALI: Because in the moment you believe in heaven, this is the best kind of immortality.

BW: Why is heaven in the middle of the chest?

DALI: This is one poetic feeling.

BW: What do you love most in life?

DALI: The most? Money. Is the idea of the money, gold arrive and arrive and arrive, checks and things... but mystical, all mystical like the gold.

BW: If the money stopped arriving, what would you do?

DALI: Becoming very sad.

BW: What would you do about it?

DALI: Try, try! Steal, kill the people for catch money.

BW: Do you think murder is a crime?

DALI: Myself like it, murder people with cruelty.

BW: Why do you like murder?

DALI: Because this is the courage. Is anti-bourgeois. And second, the murdered is more closer to heaven, because is after becoming unconscious, open the sky, and the angels tell, "Good morning!"

BW: If you are so interested in money, Mr. Dali, do you admire Howard Hughes because he was able to make so much money?

DALI: Anybody make money, I am interested. But like best the alchemist, because alchemists make money all time. With no companies, no television, no airplanes, only a spiritual thing becoming money. Dali love



BW: So you would consider yourself a 20th century alchemist?

DALI: Alchemist is not exactly the term, but the equivalent of this is exactly. This is correct.

BW: What do you think is the most primary ingredient in an artist?

DALI: Genetic.

BW: You believe in artistic aristocracy?

DALI: Is the only real aristocracy, the artistic. And the other is the blood. And the blood and the artistic is almost the same because everything is based in blood. The blood is the more important.

BW: Was your mother an artistic aristocrat?

DALI: No no no. Is the contrary. Plain.

BW: Was your father an artist?

DALI: No.

BW: What is the relationship between classicism and originality in art?

DALI: Classicism has more possibility

"War is beautiful and the period of peace is dull."

Photograph by Ron Galella

only Mme. Dali and money. Gold is essential.

BW: What age were you when you decided that money was essential?

DALI: Ah, before born.

BW: In the womb?

DALI: The womb is the more paradisiac location.

BW: Does everyone want to return to the womb, do you think?

DALI: This is ideal of every nation.

BW: Do you think money is the root of all evil?

DALI: No no no no. Angelic! Angelic! Many saints tell money is angelic.

BW: What is your main purpose for visiting America this time?

DALI: All the same. Catch money in New York. I am mystic, mystic like gold, and is more possible in New York. And also, catch information of technology. Because in New York is more machinery, more technology.

of originality because is tradition. For instance, Andy Warhol create Pop Art, and this Pop Art is very good for the possibility of hyper-realism because is one tradition. In the people blocking tradition, an abstract expressionism, the tradition is blocked, and most everyone commit suicide. You know, Rothko commit suicide. But in the classicism is the contrary. Originality is one product of tradition.

BW: What do you think will be the art of the future?

DALI: Now is starting very well with hyper-realism becoming tremendously realist, now the people discover the photograph, and in 20 years discover again Vermeer and Velasquez, and start again on big period, helped by photograph and hologram. It is the period of information.

(continued)

Dali

(continued)

BW: Do you miss the past and all, people you've known in your life who are now dead?

DALI: No no no! All dead people work for me, and create money for me. All my success is—after the people dead—is thousand times more Dalinian. Bring me money and money and money and money.

BW: Do you feel that you have responsibility to the world, for being Dali?

DALI: Tremendous, because everybody enjoys Dali.

BW: Does Dali enjoy everybody?

DALI: No. Dali enjoys very few.

BW: Are you at all interested in governments?

DALI: Political is not interesting. I am politic but am monarchic.

DALI: No no no. Very bad quality.

The kangaroos is very bad people.

BW: Do you think, in the United States, that integration between white people and black people is important?

DALI: Myself believe that the racial thing is very important.

BW: Muhammad Ali says there's no sense mixing black and white, it's a matter of: bluebirds fly with blue-birds, and robins fly with robins.

DALI: *Madame Dali* tell you this?

BW: No! Muhammad Ali, the boxer.

DALI: Muhammad Ali is probably one moron.

BW: You think he's a moron?

DALI: Every sportive people is.

BW: Do you think there's going to be a Third World War?

DALI: I expect it, yes. Because the war is beautiful and the period of peace is dull. And now, with one atomic war, probably is making fantastic

BW: Do you think society is going to become more controlled or more free?

DALI: In three years is no more freedom, no more democracy, and only the king arrive again. In Spain is already King Juan Carlos and also in Rumania and this is very important.

BW: But what would you do if someone came up and said you can't paint anymore?

DALI: I say, "Good Morning!" I am very polite.

BW: No, if they sent up five policemen and said, "Okay, Mr. Dali. You paint anymore, and...."

DALI: Perfect? Perfect? Accept, and perhaps is start more masturbation or something else, because the painting is one kind of masturbation.

BW: Do you smoke marijuana?

DALI: Never with marijuana or any kind of dope anything happen interesting. Never never never. Is completely subjective. You believe that this is fantastic, but is not.

BW: Are you still interested in rock 'n' roll? You put out rock 'n' roll perfume in the '50's, didn't you?

DALI: Yes, but only because the people send me money.

BW: But you're not interested?

DALI: No no. Only for publicity. When the people bring money for something is interesting for me. No like it music. Music in general, no like it. Music is very bad, because is never possible you tell anything concrete with music. In music is not possible to tell: "Please, my hat is here."

In the course of making this point, Dali has slowly stood up, and he now raises his head emphatically away from the youths, toward the glass doors in the back, which are closing slowly behind a small woman. She has a beautiful, thin, animalistic face and is wearing a two-piece black outfit—jacket and pants, well fitting. She is cradling a dozen long-stemmed red roses in her arms and stops in the middle of the room as Dali begins to call her name—"Gala!" She bows quickly, her head bobbing, birdlike. She laughs and opens her arms, the roses clutched in one hand as Dali chants her name, "Gala! Gala! Gala!" The hum in the room stops, attention is turned toward her and applause ripples through the audience as he marches up to her, clapping, shouting, "Gala! Gala! Gala! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!"



"In three years is no more freedom, no more democracy, and the king arrive again."

Photograph by Jim Hamilton

BW: Do you think that kings are great people?

DALI: Depends, many times is too bourgeois. But in a way, more tradition is better than one-president republic. Because the republic is only with ballots and false democracy, gangsters, and ignorance and everything. But the king, the prince, is one predictable genetic code.

BW: Do you think there will ever be kings in the United States?

DALI: Impossible because for this is necessary one tradition. But it is becoming one more authoritarian regime.

BW: What's the most important event in the last 13 years?

DALI: The regime of Generalissimo Franco. Make it possible for monarchy in Spain.

BW: Do you think a country like Australia has a great future because of the space there?

events happen. Mutations, new kind of fish, no more cancer probably is invented. Every war provokes a tremendous technological progress and also create big quantity of anguish. And anguish is often creative. You know, bureaucrats sit down in one chair and make click click click click and in one second of atomic war, these people becoming the same as gods. Is the same as Neptune, the same as Jupiter—everybody enjoys it. And the people, the people is dead, no missing nothing because the people disintegrate and becoming angel, for the same price.

BW: Do you think people are slaves?

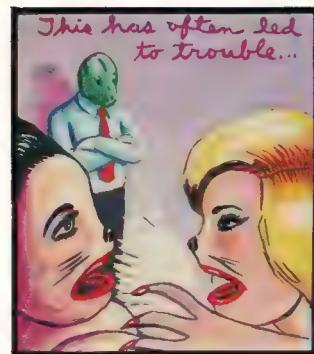
DALI: The worst is freedom. Freedom of any kind is the worst for creativity. Dali remains two months in jail in Spain, and these two months is the more enjoyable and the more happy in my life. The period of the Inquisition is the more creative.

WALTER SWEENEY

Snakeman

THE ENVY OF EVERY MAN

IN NITE ON THE TOWN



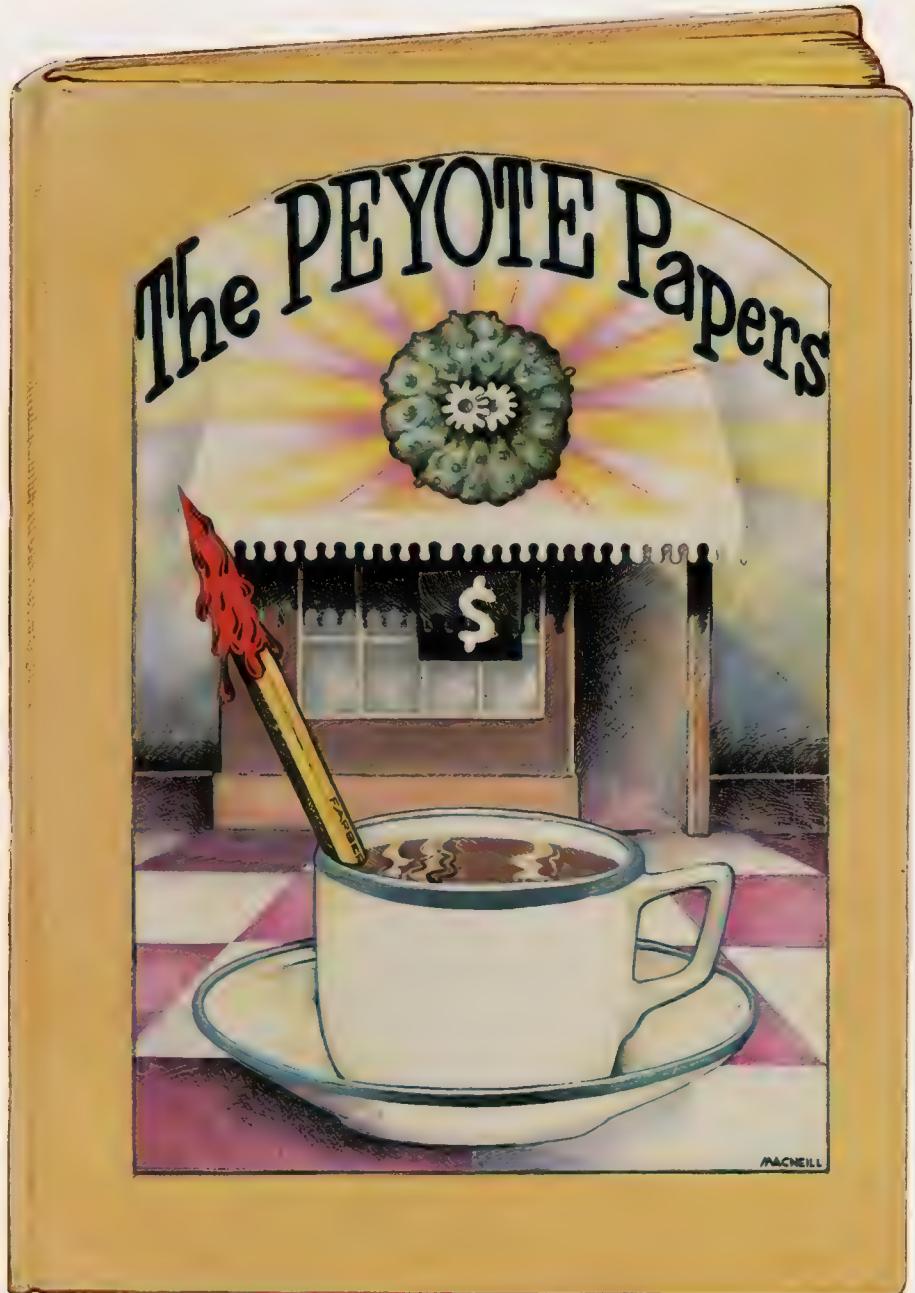


Illustration by Scott A. MacNeill

1959, the waning years of the Eisenhower Administration. Bob Dylan is still in Minnesota, the Beatles are still in Liverpool, and Timothy Leary is a square college professor. "Pot" is something smoked by jazz musicians, coffeehouse poets, and other role-models for us venturesome would-be "beatniks." Greenwich Village, black sweaters, coffeehouses, folksinging, Washington Square, that's the hip scene. The "East Village" is still called the Lower East Side, and it's a tense, sinister, double ghetto of Puerto Ricans and older Ukrainians; four crumbling tenements with cheap rents that are just beginning to attract "bohemian" home-steaders.

But in 1959, on New York's Lower East Side, legalized dope in the 1960's may very well have been only the length of a Number Two pencil away. How close it came! For a few months, peyote, that fabulous cactus which many in the know still consider the highest high of them all, was being openly sold under the bemused and watchful eyes of the police, and in carload lots.

And if that's hard to believe now, imagine what it sounded like then, as the Embalmer told us about it in the City College cafeteria. Us being a callow collection of college freshmen and sophomores who fancied ourselves hip, and the Embalmer being . . . well, the *Embalmer*, a 17-year-old instant college dropout who had picked up his name through a stint working as a mortician's assistant and who in some ultimate sense may have been the first hippie, half a decade before his time.

"Peyote? What's this peyote?"

"It's a hallucinogenic cactus, *lophophora williamsii*," the Embalmer said pedantically. "The Indians use it in their ceremonies. You can get very high indeed and you can stay that way for 12 hours. *Very high indeed.*"

Now the state of the Embalmer's credibility was a fragile thing. A large roly-poly chubby kid, he did things like shamble down dark streets like a gorilla, "aping" cars. He carried a large and sinister-looking linoleum knife and told macho stories about using it which no one could take seriously. He carried a cross-indexed looseleaf book with the addresses of hundreds of girls who didn't know him from Adam and didn't want to and would knock on their doors randomly at odd hours of the night. We might be trying to be "beats" but the Embalmer was weird along a vector which did not exactly always come off as hip.

On the other hand, the Embalmer had introduced our crowd to its first drug: amyl nitrite. Walking down a street with him one night, he produced a Vicks Vaporub inhaler with a cracked amyl popper inside. "Want a one-minute silly?" sez he.

"Huh?"

He takes a snort, his face assuming a beatific goony grin.

So I take a honk, feel a kind of bad smell at the back of my throat. Pause. "Hey this stuff doesn't—"

And all at once I am flat on my ass on the sidewalk, having been kicked in the head by a mule from the inside, and the Embalmer is giggling insanely. (Truth be told, I've had a distaste for amyl ever since.)

So though the Embalmer had a kind of crackpot reputation for being into such things, it was not as a guru but as a sort of geek, like a kid who will put on a show by eating worms.

And this peyote story of his sounds improbable to say the least. Remember, this is 1959, and grass is still a big deal. I myself am still a cannabinolic virgin, and that's about par for our course. Those who have tried it have gone through

super paranoia to cop and are watching their palms for signs of incipient werewolf hair.

What the Embalmer would have us believe is that there is a coffeehouse on East 6th Street which is openly selling this peyote stuff—that is to say, displaying it in the window with a big "For Sale" sign as if it were broccoli! The Embalmer claims to have taken peyote several times and been catapulted on extended tours into the fifth dimension.

"Embalmer, you've got to be putting us on."

Giggle-grin, hee-hee. "See for yourselves. It's called the Dollar Sign. Tell Baron you're friends of the Embalmer."

So there we were on a brisk night, on 6th Street just off Second Avenue, one of the less ominous areas of the Lower East Side. Across the street is the *Cafe East*, one of civilization's better known outposts, a coffeehouse with little to recommend it save that it was frequently possible to cop a nickel bag along with espresso, in those days about the only thing that made a trip to these environs attractive.

And there it was, right in front of our noses: a storefront coffeehouse about as wide as a subway car marked by an over-hanging wooden board with a large crude dollar sign whitewashed onto it. In the window is a scruffy monkey playing on a trapeze. And a crate filled with dirty-looking bile-green cactus buttons that look like dessicated toads. And a sign which proclaims "Peyote Available" in plain broad streetlight.

Inside is an open front area facing a padded bench set up against the window display shelf, and a very narrow aisle between two rows of equally narrow tables leading back to a kitchen area about the size of a phone booth. It is the narrowest, smallest coffeehouse anyone has ever imagined; it probably began life as a stand-up hole-in-the-wall candy store. Pale orange light from candle lanterns on each table and dim overhead fixtures hide the anonymity of the decor.

A skinny woman clanked pots in the kitchen area. There were two young guys at a rear table playing chess and eating guava paste with cream cheese. Near the door, a heavy graying man sat alone nursing a cup of American coffee. A huge ungainly hound dog was lurching down the aisle; it seemed to have some kind of trouble keeping its tongue in its mouth. A couple in their mid-twenties stood before the bench. On the bench sprawled a large soft-fleshed man, shaved bald, wearing glasses, dressed in black, and bearded in carrot-orange. He had a big black looseleaf book on his lap and he was counting out green capsules from a paper bag.

This was obviously Baron, the caps were obviously peyote, and the ominous looseleaf must indeed be the Doomsday Book that the Embalmer had told us about. *The whole story must be true.*

According to the Embalmer, you could buy either the raw peyote buttons or extract of peyote packaged in gelatin capsules. Four or five peyote buttons or seven of the caps would do the job. The standard price was five buttons for \$2 or 50¢ apiece for the caps.

That was for customers who didn't want their names and records in Baron's Doomsday Book. For those willing to have their names and consumption of peyote recorded in this tome, the Embalmer claimed that Baron did something that defied all economic reasoning of 1950's dealerdom—the more peyote you bought, the cheaper each succeeding dose got. As I've said, the state of the Embalmer's credibility as a reporter of reality was always a shaky thing.

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Peyote Papers

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But there we were, and there was Baron handing the people their caps, taking their money, and writing something in the Doomsday Book with a cracked leer on his face.

Finished with his business, Baron came over to our table and handed us printed menus. "There's a 50¢ minimum," he said. "Peyote starts at 40¢ a button or 50¢ a cap and gets cheaper the more you take if you let me write it down in the Book. Peyote counts towards the minimum. The coffee is horrible. What'll it be?" All in a strange, fast, supercilious quack of a voice.

We ordered coffee and cider or whatever and after Baron yelled our order to the woman in the kitchen, we followed him back to the bench.

"Have you ever taken this stuff before?" Baron asked.

"Uh...we're friends of the Embalmer..." I said hesitantly.

"The Embalmer? Ah yes, the Embalmer. He drinks peyote maldeds. I throw the buttons, milk, malt, and guava paste into the blender for him and he chokes it down. I don't recommend it. It tastes horrible." He reached into the window, grabbed a handful of buttons, and shoved them at us. "In fact, I can't think of anything that tastes worse than these things. You have to eat five of them and unless you're like the Embalmer, they'll make you puke. It's the strychnine in them."

Baron put the dirty green peyote buttons back in the box and fished a handful of dark green caps out of the bag. "Now seven of these are equivalent to about four or five buttons," he said. "You might puke anyway, but by then it won't bother you so much, and you won't have to taste the shit going down at all. A little more expensive, but worth it."

"Uh...which way do you take it?"

"Me? Are you crazy? I wouldn't take peyote. It rots your brain. Look at my stupid dog here—I feed him peyote, and as you can see, he's a moron."

"Uh...well I guess we'll take the caps. Seven apiece."

"Certainly, gentlemen," Baron said in his ducklike sneer of a voice, counting out the caps. "Shall I write your names in the Doomsday Book?"

"Uh...is the Embalmer in there?"

"The Embalmer!" Baron cackled. "The Embalmer is my more promising guinea pig!"

We looked at each other, at the big black looseleaf. "Maybe next time," we said in unison.

"Suit yourselves," Baron said diffidently. He handed us our caps and went back to the kitchen for our orders.

The coffee, when I tasted it, was at least as horrible as our genial host had claimed.

Half a dozen of us took that first batch in a big apartment in the Bronx, and only the Embalmer had taken it before. About half an hour after swallowing the caps, I began to feel a heavy green miasma building in my gut. The Embalmer started asking us how we felt and one guy kept giggling "a bit nauseous, a bit nauseous," over and over again. We were instructed to hold it down as long as possible so that the alkaloids would have the maximum chance to get into our systems.

I myself felt pretty punk, but in no serious danger of puking. Those who did barf reported a strange experience

which happened to me on a subsequent peyote trip.

That time out, the nausea built and built until I felt that my whole being was turning green and the peyote in my stomach felt like a lead anvil. I held out as long as I could, then made a dash for the john, bent over the toilet bowl, and let nature take its course.

It was a smooth-flowing technicolor experience, an enormous release of tension fountaining out of my stomach and into the toilet bowl, and at the same time there was a nothing-at-all feeling to it, as natural as breathing. Puking on peyote was just a shade this side of enjoyable, and when it stopped, there I was, alive and well in Peyoteland.

Never before had I been aware of my own ineffable brilliance.

Whether you get to Peyoteland via a dramatic reality-changing puke or ease into it slowly by holding the stuff down till the nausea fades, you know you've gotten there when your visceral miseries give way to an enormous feeling of psychic and even physical power and well-being. Your mind crackles into the ether through your fingertips. Enormous revelations and insights (which may later prove to be either wisdom or gibberish) flash through your brain. Ego-death is definitely not where peyote is at.

On that first trip—when, you must remember, I had yet to even smoke grass—I felt my mind opening up like a Walt Disney stop-animation flower. Never before had I been fully aware of the full extent of my own ineffable brilliance. The essence of the universe seemed laughably obvious, though I've since forgotten what it was. And moving from a lighted room into darkness punctuated by just a small candle or two, vision became a moving stained glass kaleidoscope.

The one thing that doesn't seem to be a significant part of Peyoteland is bummers. I never came close to one myself, and the only thing like a bummer that I saw happen to anyone else happened to the Embalmer on my maiden voyage.

A few hours into the trip, we were all sitting in a semi-dark living room with a big wall mirror. The Embalmer was holding forth pontifically on the wonders of peyote and how we should all use it as a tool.

"I use peyote as a tool to confront my nightmares and overcome them. Watch as I stare into the mirror and confront a nightmare...." Long pause. "I see a green dragon...." Long silent stare. One minute. Two minutes....

"ARHHHHH!" The Embalmer suddenly started screaming. He kept it up for about thirty seconds, blinked, then walked calmly into the next room as if nothing had happened.

After the fun and games has gone on for six or eight hours or so, you start realizing that you're beginning to come down. The visual world stops transmuting and you stop thinking you're Albert Einstein. But coming down is a long slow process. Diminishing visual effects continue for another four hours or so, and your muscles remain twitchy even longer. Chances are you will not be able to sleep for 24 to 36 hours. These are the dues you pay at the end of the trip—nothing earthshaking really, the worst of it is the boredom of the coming down process. Your mind feels like shutting off for a rest for half a day before your body will let it sleep.

But even this boring prolonged re-entry process has its advantages. You certainly can't get addicted to the stuff or

probably even take it too often for your physical or mental sanity. By the time I was thoroughly down, the last thing in the world I wanted was more peyote. The experience, mental and physical, was too profound, and the long boredom of coming down made the straight world seem interesting and attractive.

On the other hand, having once taken peyote, I knew that some day in the medium future I would want to take it again. Peyote was my first real high, and a better introduction to getting stoned cannot be imagined in this post-Woodstock age. In the 1950's, there was a certain amount of paranoia surrounding grass, and in those days it was not uncommon for people to get paranoid on their early pot trips, due to the social and political mind-programming around marijuana. But peyote somehow got you straight through any paranoia programming and into its own benign cosmic reality. The strongest mind-altering drug turned out to be the mellowest. And after taking peyote, paranoia about any less profound brain-food seemed rather ridiculous.

So, unlikely as it may seem in this world of abundant pot hovering on the brink of legalization, peyote, the biggest high of them all, was the doorway to mind-altering drugs for me and dozens or scores of other New York kids, way back in 1959. For a few brief months, the *Dollar Sign* became a hangout, not just a place to buy peyote. Because what was going on there was almost as mind-blowing as peyote itself. And if things had gone just a little bit differently way back then in that little hole-in-the-wall coffeehouse, the world today would be unimaginably different. In a way, the death of Baron altered the American consciousness as strongly and negatively as the death of JFK.

Precisely who Baron was and why he was doing what he was doing is as hard to pin down now as it was then. According to Baron himself, he was the black sheep son of a prominent New England family, the only one who had not yet made his mark on the world. The peyote plot was to be his immortality.

As Baron rambled on over his terrible coffee, and as the garrulous Embalmer was drawn deeper and deeper into his Sengal-like influence, I began to learn more and more details of what was going on, though Baron's personality and his own personal why remained forever illusive.

The Embalmer had taken more peyote than any white man in the world.

Since time immemorial, peyote had been part of the mystical and ceremonial life of the Indians of the American Southwest and Mexico. The coming of Christianity had only altered the dogmatic trappings of the essential Indian peyote experience, producing a hybrid called the Native American Church, an ostensibly Christian sect which took peyote as a "communion host." In 1959, peyote was little known outside these circles, and was not specifically mentioned in Federal or New York anti-drug laws. Moreover, the religious angle added yet another level to the legal limbo around the cactus.

Somehow, somehow, for some reason, Baron had made contact with an outfit called *Smith's Cactus Ranch* in Laredo, Texas, where peyote was definitely locally legal.

The exact nature of the Cactus Connection is obscure; much of my information came from the Embalmer, who by now was Baron's chief flunky, who had stayed high on peyote for amazingly long stretches, and who Baron was to finally claim "had taken more peyote than any other white man in the world."

Smith's was in the mail order cactus business. Their flyer consisted of a long list of latin names with only *lophophora williamsii* identified in English, as peyote. Once, passing through Laredo, I tried to find *Smith's Cactus Ranch* and failed; conceivably it may have been nothing more than a post office box.

At any rate, peyote was shipped openly from Texas to Baron in New York in lots of a hundred pounds or more. Some of it appeared as raw buttons in the crate in the *Dollar Sign's* window and the rest was processed into capsules. Processing the raw buttons into caps was such an easy procedure that many people bought the buttons from Baron and did it themselves, just to save a few bucks. You cut the buttons into pieces, simmer them gently in water to extract a thick green liquid, dry the liquid into a paste in a very low oven, and stuff empty gelatin caps with the gunk. If you go through the trouble to clean out the whitish fibers in the buttons first, you'll have a product that will be somewhat less likely to make you barf.

The whole operation, from shipping to processing to point of sale, was entirely overground, right out there in the open. Because Baron was *inviting* a legal confrontation.

"Peyote has to be legal," Baron declared. "It's protected by the *Bill of Rights* because a recognized Christian church uses it as part of its religion. Well, if it's legal for Indians, it's got to be legal for white men too, doesn't it? You ever hear of a law in this country that discriminated in *favor* of the Indians, huh?"

Baron had a lawyer on retainer, and according to him, enough family bread behind him to carry the forthcoming battle all the way to the Supreme Court. And his final fantasy design extended beyond peyote to the legalization of pot and all psychedelics.

"Once we establish the principle that peyote-eating is protected under the freedom of religion clause of the *Bill of Rights*, then we do the same for grass. If members of the Native American Church have the legal right to take peyote, and if the 14th Amendment extends that right to white people, it's only one more step to legalizing pot. I'll charter a Church of Marijuana in California and make every pothead in the country a member. With a peyote precedent already established, the Supreme Court will have no choice but to see things my way."

In other words, Baron was out not to legalize peyote and pot by changing the drug laws but to establish that the drug laws did not have to be changed because they were inherently unconstitutional. A position far more radical than any legalization organization has taken today—and in 1959!

Was this fantasy just an early doper dream, or did it have credibility? Well, Baron had to go pretty far to force any governmental agencies into accepting a confrontation.

For two weeks the following ad ran in the City College newspaper: *Peyote Available. Write the Embalmer, P.O. Box*—

Finally, a personal enemy of the Embalmer told the Dean that peyote was a *devil drug* and may have tipped the FBI. Next week the ad was refused and the FBI nosed around a little, but no further action was taken.

Then the Embalmer went to Mardi Gras in New Orleans with a big stash of peyote and tried to establish whether it

(cont. on page 95)

Success may fill the days with dreamlike fame and fortune, but does it help anyone to sleep better? To find out, courageous Jeff Goldberg, putting phone to ear, asked a veritable crowd of celebrities:

"What's Your Worst Nightmare?"



GERARD DAMIANO
(Filmmaker)

"I received an Academy Award, and I turned it down because I couldn't get an Indian to accept it for me."



RONNIE MONTROSE
(Musician)

"This dream took place on the eve of the Bicentennial, July 3rd. I call it Bicentennial Madness. All of a sudden, I became aware of myself in a craft of some sort. At first it seemed to be a plane, but it was not an airplane because it was on the ground, but there were seats set in rows resembling a plane and there were stewardesses. The passengers were all the musicians I'd ever played with in any band or session. Everyone was having sex with the stewardesses, except me. Everyone was getting food, *except me!* I said, *Where's my food?* The stewardess said, *Sorry, we ran out.* But

no one asked me if I wanted any. I got up and left the craft and had to descend into a basement to reach the street. Outside, I found myself surrounded by tall buildings and I felt a feeling of foreboding. The buildings seemed to be teetering. I looked up and straight ahead of me I saw a smooth, round hill. There were bleachers built into the slopes and on top of the hill was an auto transport truck, five stories tall, filled with brand-new, shiny American cars. There were fireworks in the air and red, white, and blue klieg lights lighting the truck from behind. Suddenly a Roman candle was shot into the air and, when it burst, it reproduced the entire Declaration of Independence. I became aware of the bleachers again, filled with people in *Let's Make a Deal* costumes. They were standing and waving at these men positioned at the base of the hill who were firing rockets toward the bleachers. The men were in white asbestos outfits. The game was being hit by the rockets. When one of the contestants was hit, the men in the white suits would rush up and put the winner on a stretcher and load the damaged person into the new car he had won. The winners were very happy."



MARILYN CHAMBERS
(Actress)

"I dreamt that I was in an orgy with Lew Gordon, a guy named Parrish (one of the prosecutors at Harry Reems' trial in Memphis), and Nixon. It was weird. None of them belonged at all. Nixon was very cold."



Fred W. McCarrahan

JOHN CAGE
(Composer)

"I dreamt once that I composed a piece of music all the notes of which were to be cooked and then eaten. On the way to the concert hall to perform this piece I stopped to rehearse and cooked the notes. Then a bunch of dogs and cats ate them all!"



BILL WYMAN
(Musician)

"Red skies raining rocks on me."



"PROFESSOR" IRWIN COREY
(Comic)

"I have delightful *mise-en-scenes* and beautiful moments in my dreams, where *actual life* takes place, where there are no guidelines, no repression, no

inhibitions. My dreams are great, they're not nightmares. A nightmare is reality. Nixon was once President. That was the biggest nightmare that ever took place in the United States."



Fred W. McCarrahan

WILLIAM BURROUGHS
(Writer)

"I have this recurring nightmare, where some very large poison centipede or scorpion suddenly rushes on me while I'm looking for something to kill it. And I wake up screaming and shaking the bedclothes off."



RON GALELLA
(Photographer)

"I don't remember my dreams."



ROBERT INDIANA
(Painter)

"My dreams aren't fantasies; they closely resemble reality."

There's a recurring pattern that's kind of strange. I'll be on a journey of some kind, traveling somewhere. It's very difficult getting there. The dream is filled with people that I know, sometimes in rather curious roles, doing things they wouldn't ordinarily do. Very frequently it ends in a loss, not necessarily a death, but a loss."



GORILLA MONSOON
(Wrestler)

"I dreamt that I was on the Titanic and it was going down. I remember everyone was in a state of panic and most of the people were in the water. There were several lifeboats which were jam-packed. I was swimming towards an object when I woke up."



TRACY NELSON
(Singer)

"I've had two strange dreams. In the first, I walked into an antique shop and saw a copper tray which I liked. I asked the owner how much it was. He said, *With or without food?* I looked back and, much to my surprise, there was food on the tray. But strange food, like a sucking pig with an apple in its mouth, only it was a glazed ele-

(continued)

Nightmares

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phant's trunk wrapped around an apple. And, as I looked, it sprang out and grabbed me.

My other is an erotic dream about Wally Cox."



Fred W. McDarrah

GEORGE PLIMPTON
(Writer)

"Talking about strange dreams just ain't my idea of how to spend the day."



SPENCER DAVIS
(Musician)

"One of my strangest dreams occurred when I was five years old, living in South Wales. I dreamed they were having one of the street celebrations they used to have at the end of World War II. Everybody was outside, but I decided to go home. I went around the back of an old house, where we lived on the side of a hill, and I looked through the keyhole. And I saw something which wasn't of this earth. It had the shape of a man, but it was like a robot wearing a space suit.

During the '60's, when I was touring, I'd often dream of doing performances with all manner of people on stage, people living and people dead. I was friendly

with a lot of the musicians who died: Jimi Hendrix, Brian Jones—especially Brian. I've had many dreams of Brian, on stage, playing.

But the most frightening dream that came out of my '60's experience isn't really a dream at all. I'll be asleep and I'll think of how much money was made in those days, and how much of it didn't find its way back to me. I've often woken up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat thinking that everything's gone."



JIMMY "THE GREEK"
SNYDER
(Gambler)

"I often dream of being in airplane crashes. The odds against a plane crash are thousands to one, but I've canceled reservations on two flights which *did* crash. Which frightens me because I fly a lot. My other dream I can't tell you about. It's erotic.

"When I used to gamble I never placed a bet because of a dream I'd had. I never played hunches. Winning takes a lot more careful calculation."



MICKEY SPILLANE
(Writer)

"I dream all the time, lovely dreams. I dream about my

wife. I don't have nightmares. What do I got to be afraid of? I'm an old fighter pilot from World War II. I've been knifed, shot, and everything else."



CHERRY VANILLA
(Performer)

"Last night I dreamt this dream. Setting: a New York apartment of mine in the future, and only one bathroom. A roofless seating area where one could view the sky. Characters: many indeterminable, also David Bowie, Angela and Zooey. Time: Christmas. Location: Warm. Action: Zooey is putting things in my mouth and lifting up my dress to show my heiney. David waving his hand and lighting up a Christmas tree from across the room. Tiny white lights. Amazes the crowd with his new technology which he has obviously brought back from some place more advanced.

Later, we are talking in a group on two facing sofas under the open roof, when suddenly a huge red shield appears in the sky. Within the shield is a white clock with no numbers and whiter hands. I wonder about airplanes hitting it but don't ask. And then it seems to be holographic, projected from a satellite also up in the sky. The satellite I am sure is very real and solid. It is shaped like an hourglass, or egg-timer, or African drum. I have a feeling that David is controlling these phenomena. David is smoking hashish and passing it to his friends. He doesn't pass it to me or my friends. I am amazed by the incredible things I'm seeing, even more so because I'm not smoking

the hash and therefore realize they are really happening as I see them. Yet I long to be stoned so I can see them happen as the stoned ones are seeing them. I decide that I'm going to take some hash from the fridge and smoke it in the bathroom. Before I leave the sofa, the red shield around the clock disappears and turns into people dancing in a circle around the clock. Before I can recognize any of them they suddenly change into Walt Disney characters: Alice in Wonderland, Snow White, and Seven Dwarfs, and they continue to dance around the clock."



MELVIN VAN PEEBLES
(Filmmaker)

"My most interesting dreams are the ones I've sold."



HOLLY WOODLAWN
(Performer)

"I'm acting in a movie with Liz Taylor. It's the first dream I've had in Technicolor. Liz has purple eyes. She's not like a star, she's like a friend. We're having a big argument. Then we both end up quitting the movie, because they want us to do indecent acts together, and we move to Nova Scotia to fish for salmon." ●

AUCTION MAGNIFICENT ANTIQUE CARPETS

From

**THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF THE MESSRS.
MUSTAFFI AND AHMED BEN-DOVER•
MARRAKESH & NEW YORK**

**CONNOISSEUR
PIECES**

*With Reproductions
and Full Color Plates*



Terms: Absolute Auction
to the highest bidders

SLOTHABY-PORKE BENNET INC., MANAGERS

Times Square, New York — Piccadilly Circus, England — Pigalle, France

COPY: STAN BERNSTEIN
COLOR PLATES PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY LOEW



KAZAK CARPET WITH SCORPION
MEDALLION

I. Tribal Kazak rug, circa 1850. Within the white central lozenge is a beautifully conceived pea-green scorpion with 16 legs, the whole device encased in tomato-red cruciform motif. According to indigenous folklore, the scorpion symbolizes courage in the face of adversity. What challenges the nomadic life poses to the sexual instinct! The broiling desert sands could grizzle and friz a harem girl's elaborately curled and brilliantined muff at midday. Whereas, after sundown, what with the chill desert winds bringing the temperature down to 15 degrees, her exquisitely spiced love nectars could turn to icicles. An exotic popsicle, to be sure; nevertheless, the utility of Oriental rugs such as the present example will be obvious. The four-poster bed with elaborately trumpeting legs and canopy has never been a hit in caravans (although it is not unknown within the Indo-Arabic sexual tradition for a tarty young maiden to be schtupped by her sugarsheik in a palanquin while the bearers march forward blindfolded and the camels look backward with lust-glazed eyes).

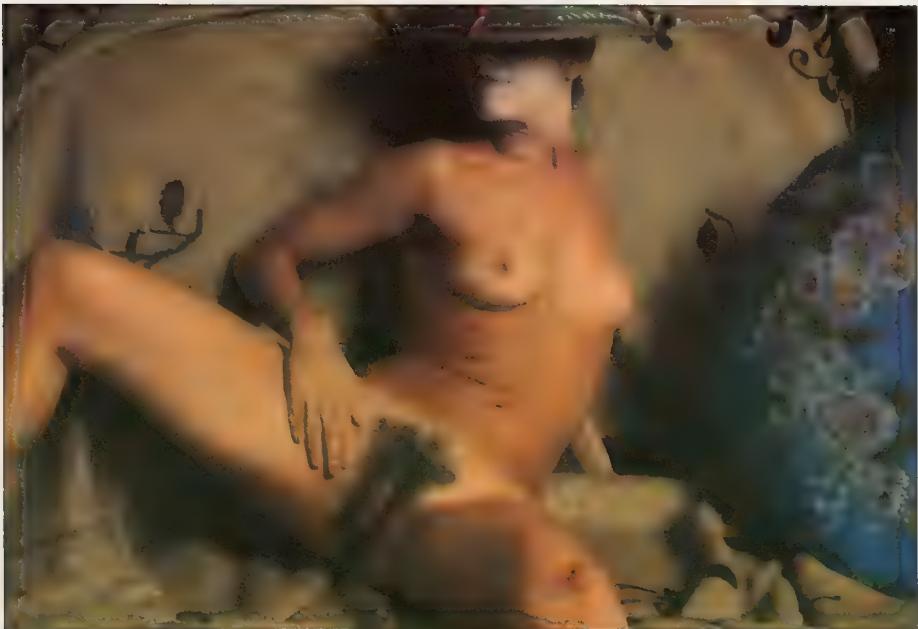
It will be easily apprehendable from the foregoing that the triumph of the Oriental nomadic pieces is their ready spreadability. Anywhere. Any time. Roll out the carpet. No mandolin necessary.

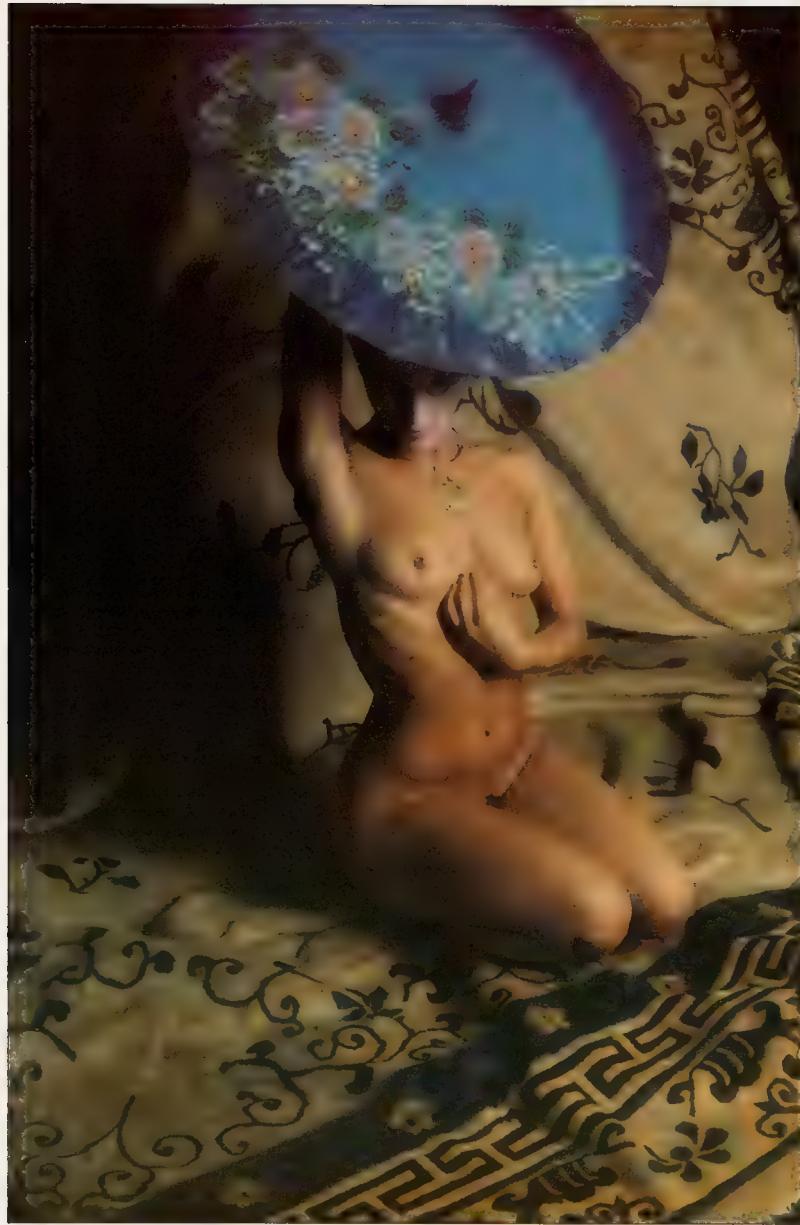
II, III. A certain rigidity of stylization is evident in two views of a magnificent late Ch'ien Lung carpet, fabricated in Peking circa 1890. The theme of the flowering iris, symbolic of authority in the ancient Taoist iconography, is developed both in the tawny ivory field and in the main border. However, an ancillary border stripe displays plum blossoms, symbol of ripening beauty. In the overall conception, one cannot escape the connotation of "modesty under all circumstances."

How outrageous it seems to the Western conscience that little girls, whose birth was considered divine punishment, were so frequently sold into prostitution before the age of ten. During Ch'ien Lung times, however, the neophyte sluts were elaborately clothed, taught manners, and surrounded by flowers prior to being skewered at age 12 in an atmosphere of general celebration. Typically, the setting was the main hall of the brothel—upon a sumptuous carpet like the present example, more frequently than not from a squatting position.

Such hard conditions, we must assume, foster a sense of fatalism and a patient, not unattractive masochism so charmingly conveyed in the design of this superb period piece.

DETAIL OF FLOWERING-IRIS CH'EN LUNG CARPET





FLOWERING-IRIS CH'EN LUNG CARPET WITH KEY-FRET, PLUM, AND IRIS BORDERS



LOUIS PHILIPPE AUBUSSON (PHOTOGRAPHED IN SITU, THE CHATEAU DES TROIS ELMES, LOIRE VALLEY)

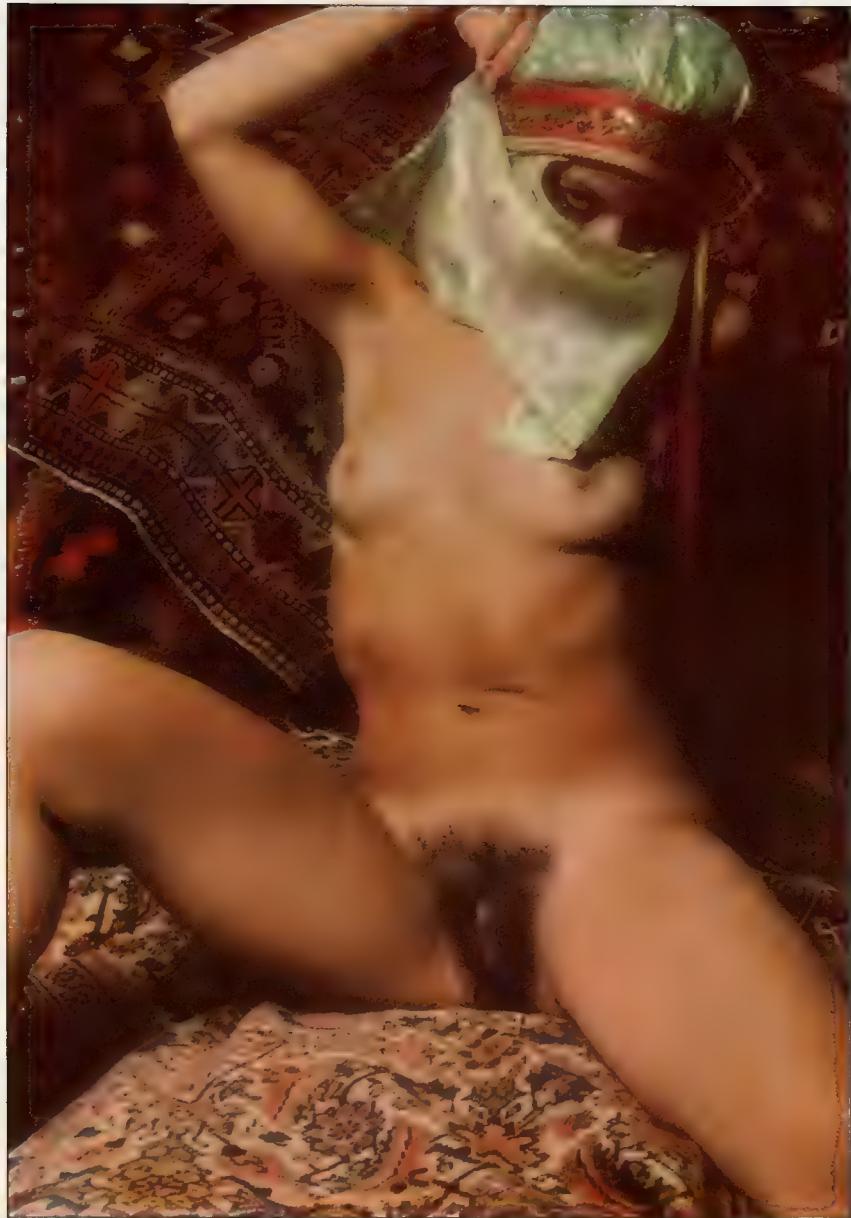


TRIBAL USHAK WITH BOUND PALMETTE AND FAN MOTIFS

IV. What startling freedom of expression, what panache and grace are embodied in this flower-bestrewn Aubusson from the epoch of Louis Philippe! Roses burgeon forth and blossom to perfection upon a field of old mint-creme amid a swirl of subtly curved rondelles. Dramatic treatment of the *écoincons*, altogether characteristic of the ripening decadence of those fuck-happy times! And the delectable French *pomme de derrière* so realistically rendered, it begs to be plucked! This piece, acquired at the recent settlement of the estate of the Marquess de Villa-Mille, is in need of minor alterations and a thorough dusting.

Which brings to mind a delicate question. What to do *opres*? Soapflakes (but never detergent!) mildly agitated in a basin of lukewarm water repeatedly sponged with the grain will remove all evidence of the indiscretion. That the same solution was too naively relied upon as a douche will easily explain the bumper crop of bastard heirs France spawned prior to the Revolution of 1848.

V. A very rare Turkish tribal Ushak such as were bought and sold during the 18th and 19th centuries. Bound palmette and fan motifs executed in vibrant shades of tawny orange, apricot, and pale celadon. Painstaking attention to bindings and selvedges, the size of the piece, as well as her ability to lie flat, suggest that she may have belonged to a tribal chieftain.



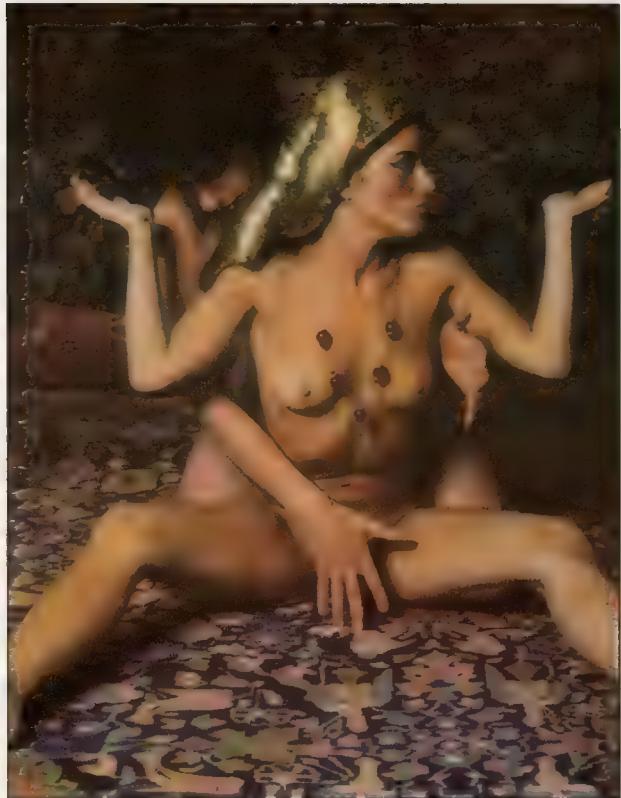
A MEDLEY OF 19TH CENTURY TRANSCAUCAZIAN PIECES

VI. A medley of three 19th-century Transcaucasian rugs of veiled symbolism but evident sophistication. In the lower center amid a welter of chocolate brown incidental foliage, a tantalizing, mellifluous, fully puckered shish kebab awaits the skewer. In the upper right-hand corner (see frontis), a stylized stick-figure camel of charming primitivism grazes upon a vertical frieze.

VII. Mysterious as the sphynx, spread on a sumptuous midnight blue field, this Indo-Persian, according to the testimony of experts, is closely woven and tight as a lynx! Bedazzled by her splendour, we grope for an explanation to the ancient mystery. Note the tart, down-turned pout at the lips—what contained energy! What anticipation of fulgurating pelvic up-thrusts centering in the concealed *mons veneris*.

A wealth of nature symbols, including stars, everted calyxes, and runcinate lancet leaves sparkle in the background, while the central motif features upstanding nymphet tits, centered in russet nipples of consummate perfection. Provenance: loves your place or hers on a Saturday night. ●

INDO-PERSIAN CARPET WITH EGYPTOID MOTIFS

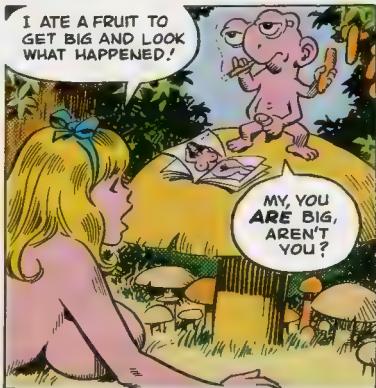


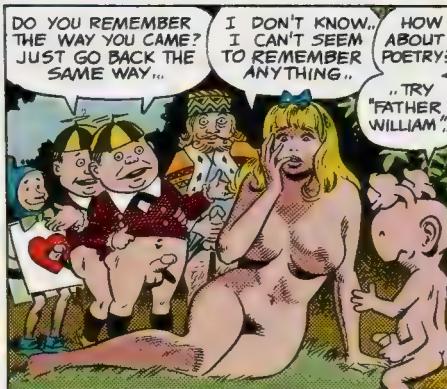
Malice In Wonderland

by Wallace Wood

She followed the White Rabbit to a mad tea party with the Tit Mouse and the Mad Flasher and was insulted, assaulted, abused, violated, molested and ravished...







"TWAS BALLIG AND THE SLEAZY TONGUES WERE WRITHING FONDLY IN THE FRAY - ALL FLIMSY WERE THE HORNOPHILES AND DRESSED IN NEGLIGEES!"



"BEWARE THE BANDERBUSH MY SON! THE LABES THAT GRAB, THE VULVES THAT CATCH! BEWARE THE JUG-JUG BIRD, AND SHUN THE LASCIVIOUS CANDY-SNATCH!"



HE TOOK HIS RIGID DORK IN HAND, LONG TIME THE TURGID TOOL HE WHACKED, TILL CAME HE ON THE CUM CUM TREE, AND STOOD WITH WHANGER SLACK.

"AS IN SUCCULENT THOUGHT HE STOOD, THE BANDERBUSH WITH LABES INFLAMED, CAME BURSTING THRU THE LACY FRILLS AND COMING AS IT CAME!"



"NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, IN AND OUT, THE RIGID DORK WENT PECKER-PACK! SHE GAVE IT HEAD, AND LEFT IT DEAD, AND WENT A-HUMPING BACK!"

"AND HAST THOU LAIN THE BANDERBUSH? COME IN MY ARMS, MY ERECTIOUS BOY! OH LUBROUS DAY! CALOOH CALLAY!" SHE PANTED IN HER JOY.

"TWAS BALLIG AND THE SLEAZY TONGUES WERE WRITHING FONDLY IN THE FRAY!"



"NOT QUITE!"



"WE'RE STILL HERE!"

"OH NO!"



©WOOD '76

CONTINUED

A Layman's Guide to **CB**

by Robert Romanoli

Ever wonder what all those concrete cowboys with their fancy CB rigs were *really* saying?

- "I've got a red-hot rutabaga" — I have a warm yellow vegetable
- "Abbie Hoffman comin' at ya" — Garbage truck ahead
- "Goin' to drop acid with Dr. Timmy" — I'm headed for Berkeley
- "Cream cheese on a pumpernickle bagel" — White walls
- "Name on request" — I earn \$300 a week and more
- "My Audrey Meadows" — My wife
- "AGHHH! MY LEG! MY LEG!" — Help me, I'm hurt
- "You're fulla shit" — I don't believe you
- "Doom them bloomers" — Run over that female hitchhiker
- "Make 'em meditate" — Hit those freaks over the head with a beer bottle
- "Eat poop, honky" — Please move your rig over so's I kin git me somma dat FRIED CHICKEN ova yonda
- "Smokies takin' pictures" — Bears robbing a gallery
- "Beam us up, Scotty" — Turn on your headlights
- "I wanna pump 'er in the dumper" — I want to step on the gas
- "Ten-four" — I work banker's hours
- "Wreck 'em on a raft" — Scrambled eggs on an English muffin
- "Andy Warhol comin' at ya" — Soup Bar ahead
- "I'm rollin' a load of old" — I'm driving a senior citizen's bus
- "I have to do Number Two" — I'm turning onto Highway #2
- "My girl has edible panties" — My rig has bald tires
- "I'm rollin' the smokes" — I'm transporting marijuana
- "The smokies are rollin' me" — I'm being searched
- "I'm soakin' the rolls" — I'm eating bread and water
- "I like country music" — My I.Q. is 12.
- "This is good china breakin' on ya" — This is your wife
- "Rollin' into Reaganland" — Driving into Death Valley
- "Sun Myung Moon comin' at ya" — Disabled Toyota ahead
- "Doom Room" — Disco
- "This rig is my woman" — I'm horny as hell
- "Racin' through Riottown" — Driving through Watts
- "I'm hopin' she's open for ropin' and gropin'" — I hope she's into S&M
- "Bay of Pigs" — Gay beach
- "Haulin', ballin', and crawlin'" — Driving up 42nd Street
- "Let's skim the hymns and head for Ted" — Let's pass through New England and stop at Hyannis
- "OOOO...Ahhh...Oh, MORE...Harder...HARDER...Mmmmm..." — Hear the fun I'm having, you lonely schmucks?
- "Non-stop to Doomsville" — I'm speeding out of control down an incredibly steep hill without any brakes
- "I told the catch to peddle snatch" — I broke up with my wife
- "House o' Wieners comin' at ya" — Stud farm ahead
- "I'm fit to spit on this dingo lingo" — I'm fed up talking in this asinine language

South Africa's 10 Richest Mercenaries
John Vorster: Not Your Average Boer
Christmas Riot Sales

NEW JOHANNESBURG

WHITE - BLACK
WHITE - BLACK

WHITE - BLACK
WHITE - BLACK

What's Cooking In South Africa?



MOVIES AROUND TOWN

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE SCREEN



King Kong—What begins as standard horror movie fare develops into a powerful and disturbing allegory on the dangers of immigration, with a thoughtful, sensitive performance by the central character, and good supporting work by Fay Wray in a role that strikes at the heart of the modern woman's dilemma. (90 minutes)

Last Tango in Paris—A beautifully photographed documentary on the Paris housing shortage. Watch out for the shots of the Seine at twilight. (Silent, 17 minutes)

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner—The

ambiguities inherent in Stanley Kramer's work have always made him vulnerable to misinterpretation. . . . Here, an affectionate family is destroyed when they welcome a savage intruder into their home. Even the dining room is not sacred in this prophetic vision of the breakup of American society. (Dubbed, 90 minutes)

Gone With the Wind—The tragic story of how extreme leftist forces destroyed the Southern policy of meaningful change. Banned for years in the United States, now we can see Victor Fleming's masterpiece as it was meant to be shown. (45 minutes)

Jaws—Peter Benchley's novel caused quite a stir in South Africa's intellectual community. Worth the effort for those wishing to keep abreast of America's *nouvelle vague*. (120 minutes)

Walkabout—The slapstick adventures of two young English children and their half-witted native companion in the Australian bush. Rather predictable comedy, but suitable for family viewing. (70 minutes)

To Sir With Love—European teenager falls under the influence of sinister non-European man. Not for the squeamish. (20 minutes)

NEW JOHANNESBURG

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The City Politic/Uta Vurger POWER DISGUISED IN RAGS

The place to catch the freshest, most exciting figure on the Johannesburg scene is outside the door of the Hotel Baden-Powell. There, crouched informally in the gutter, is Joe Ngymi: the man they call the most powerful black in Johannesburg.

If there's one thing Ngymi understands, it's action. Once a spokesman for black rights, he has learned to work through the system. Once he made speeches—now he shines shoes. He is rumored to be in daily contact with the feet of nearly every power broker in the city.

Ngymi is a hard man to draw into conversation. It's not shyness—it's simply that his tongue was cut out by the Security Police. Was he disappointed by this? Joe smiles wryly and explains.



"Giuuuuurrghll," with the refreshing self-mockery typical of Bantu culture.

His home is one of Johannesburg's

most exclusive tenements. Here, as in any big city, living space has become a vehicle for self-definition. The housing shortage has released a new spirit of innovation among the black community. Some have chosen the spaciousness of a rooftop—others prefer the warmth of living ten to a room. But Joe Ngymi likes to be where the action is: in the hallway.

There, in an elegant "minimalist" environment of bare brick and concrete, he prefers to relax in the evenings with a bottle of methylated spirits and a few close friends.

Efficiency, mobility, simplicity. These are the hallmarks of the Ngymi lifestyle. For him, as for so many others among Johannesburg's young down-and-mobility blacks, less is more.

BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

The Swizzle Stick

Based on an American model, the "shock baton" produced by Bantu Control, Inc., has been proving very popular in controlling demonstrations. They come in all sizes and shapes: the "Big Daddy" is all of 30 inches long and boasts a 5-inch central electric shocking unit activated by a thumb switch. Made of sturdy plated steel and coated in elegant black vinyl, the baton comes with a cushioned rubber grip for easier handling.

Until now, there has been no baton small enough for domestic use, and many housewives and children have been carrying the gnarled Kieries used by the Zulus, in lieu of anything more modern. Now, Bantu Control has brought out "The Scarlett O'Hara." A mere nine inches long, it fits neatly into a handbag, briefcase or bookbag. It is available in an art deco print, plain black, or gold and silver for evening wear.

All in all, the new batons are light and elegant, suitable for confrontations with servants or small demonstrations of schoolchildren.



Need a Servant? Hire-a-Zulu

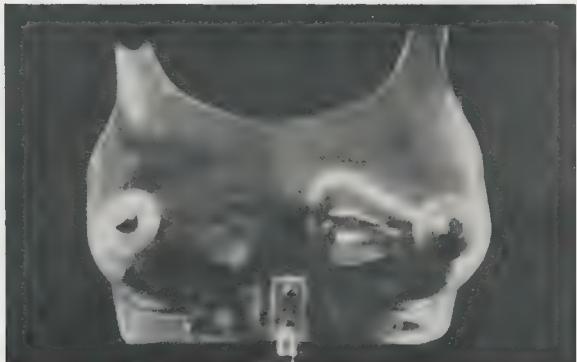
Hire-a-Zulu is a new employment agency which guarantees "they will take the trauma out of servant hiring." Zulus are considered much more trustworthy and honest than the Bantu. Gen. Andrew Prislop, retired Zulu-hunter, endorsed the

firm saying, "Zulus have been the best recruits for miners and house servants because they understand the consequences of Blood River, where we showed our superior fighting ability. They know their place and are content."

Peek-A-Boo Protection

When Brooks came out with their new line of bulletproof vests for men, the fashion critics cheered. The ladies, however, were not so adoring. "Why," asked Heidi Vanhorne, "can't they make something for women? We're vulnerable too, and the old corset-type vests aren't up to date with the styles."

Now there's an answer! Brooks Sisters, a subsidiary company famous for styled negligees, has designed the "peek-a-boo" bulletproof bra for the discerning woman. According to Brooks Sisters, the bra has been an instant success. Now, they say, they will go into production of the bulletproof dress.



For women, this solves the problem of combining self-defense with evening dress. This custom-made vest is

bulletproof and invisible even when wearing the lowest cut gown. Available from Gigi, 29 Smuts Plaza.

NEW JOHANNESBURG INTELLIGENCER

Welcome Back?

On Apartheid Day the Nationalist Government will take a major step towards healing the running sore of ethnic bitterness. On October 30 history will be made as a free pardon is granted to all prisoners of English descent. Critics accuse the government of panicking in the fear of an Anglo insurrection. Feelings ran high after the closing of the Johannesburg Country Club, and there were rumors that the club's 6000 English members would take to the streets.

Prime Minister Vorster insists that the measure was taken on humanitarian grounds. "We're all human beings, aren't we? Some of my best friends are Eng-



Stan Breetp, baby killer, after receiving word of Vorster's pardon.

lish," he explained candidly.

When the news came out there were near-riots in Johannesburg as the English celebrated in typically uninhibited fashion: the splashing of gin and tonic and mumbles of congratulations

could be heard right to the city center. Police Chief Paul Groot waived aside complaints from angry neighbors. "This is a big day for them."

What about the Suppression of Communism Act, or

the Riotous Assemblies Act? Will communist sympathizers and liberal extremists be included in the amnesty? "Sure, they can let loose for a night," smiles Groot. "The next day they can go back under house arrest."

Still there have been questions in Parliament from angry Afrikaans members, who fear the English will take advantage of the government's leniency. "We realize we have our side of the bargain to fulfill," insists English spokesman Ronnie Cheshire-Catte. "We have all sent Mr. Vorster a handwritten note apologizing for our behavior during the Boer War. It was the least we could do."

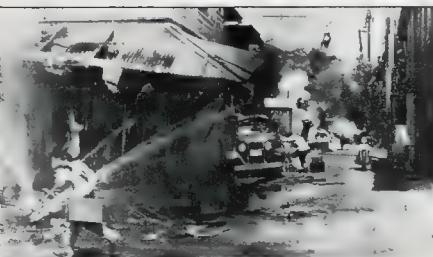
Forbidden Conceptual Games

A soldier runs past, flinging a hand grenade. Two blacks fall writhing to the ground. It could be a battlefield, street theatre, or a new window display in Bendel's.

"Experiments in Non-Being," at the Van Oort Gallery, is all of these and more. Race riots have long been established as a form of improvisation: now for the first time they have been carried into the realm of conceptual art.

"When rioters first invaded the gallery I was shocked," admits Lesley Van Oort, whose spare features beneath his helmet give him the look of a Trappist monk in combat gear. "I found my sensibilities challenged in a way they hadn't been since I first met Andy Warhol." Instead of taking the next plane to Zurich, Van Oort installed video cameras and opened the gallery to the public.

He has been accused of using insurrection to make a



This work-in-progress is by a group of artists called The Yikes Gang.

dadaist, anti-art gesture. "But what is art if not a process, through which man is continually redefining his relationship with the environment?" cries Van Oort, from underneath his desk.

A shot rings out. A woman screams. A stream of plaster falls to the ground. It is a moment of incandescent beauty, as if a haiku had been brought to life. More—it is a delicate probing of awareness. Just as a painter "covers" the canvas with

paint, so the soldiers "uncover" the wall with explosives. Paradoxically, as the wall crumbles we have a richer sense of the kinesthetic possibilities of the plaster itself—its *whiteness*, as it were.

Another explosion. An arm sails through the air, landing at our feet. I am disconcerted. Somehow the gesture seems too gaudy, too theatrical for the austerity that had gone before. It was as if Samuel Beckett's *Breath*

had suddenly turned into a play by Arrabal.

"Oh dear..." muttered Van Oort. "Could that be Doris?"

We crawled silently toward the exit. Now I was acutely aware of biceps clenching, concrete grating against knuckles, the ebb and flow of muscular energy like spurts of electricity along the wrists....

Of course! Suddenly the meaning of Van Oort's show hit me with the force of revelation. By witnessing another's mutilation, I became aware of my relationship with my own arm.

By isolating death within a gallery setting we can realize our own potential for non-being. It's true that you may not come out alive ("being"). But, as Van Oort explained as he threw me out into the no-man's land outside the gallery doors: "Art should be a growth process...even if the end result is annihilation!"

NEW JOHANNESBURG

THE BEULAH CONNECTION

BY GAIL VAN SHEEHY

Below most successful South African women crouches a dusky figure—the personal maid. This "Beulah" figure can act both as personal confidante and surrogate parent. Thus, the changing dynamic of the Afrikaner's relationship with her non-white helper is a symbol of her own passage to maturity.

America's Hollywood has provided us with examples of the Rites of Prestige, showing the white master's civilizing influence on the humble savage: Mae West and her well-placed Beulah, The Lone Ranger and Tonto.

The Beulah Connection, at its best, is one of mutual support. The mistress receives a sympathetic ear and practical help in such matters as dressing, cleaning, and bathing. The maid, in turn, is given old dresses, a small weekly wage, and the right to live in Johannesburg. The mistress becomes the ideal of womanhood for her maid, something which the "Beulah" can aspire to, though not, of course, in her lifetime.

The lack of such a connection can be somewhat of a handicap in the Afrikaner's life. She would have to do her own shopping, laundry and cooking, and thus be prevented from following a career or playing bridge. Worse, however, than having no servant, is having one who is unwilling or unable to fulfill her responsibilities—one having the "Rochester Syndrome."

The worst malfunction of the servant class happens when the maid seeks not to imitate her mistress, but to supplant her. This is a variation on the classic Oedipal pattern and leads to a phenomenon known as the "Uppity Nigger (U-N) Complex."

Gilda VanderHausen was 28, a successful housewife who ran her four-bedroom duplex with skill and efficiency. She was the envy of her friends: dinner parties started on time, and the servants' uniforms were immaculate. Behind the gleaming facade, however, the "U-N Complex" was crumbling Gilda's confidence.

"I guess the first danger signal was when I realized Njumba (we call her Daisy) was learning to read. One day, when searching through her handbag, I found a newspaper," confessed Gilda. There were still shadows under her eyes as she recalled the harrowing experience. "I was hurt, of course, but I refused to meet the situation head on—I



The Beulah Principle, in operation, is a wondrous sight and a fine example.

pretended it was a passing phase."

Having placed Daisy in the role of maternal care-giver, Gilda's ego was lacerated by the sign of rejection. "I couldn't believe she didn't trust me. Imagine, learning to read—it was like a blow. The problem was that I was hopelessly dependent. I thought of sending her back to one of the native compounds. But no one else understands my laundry."

Daisy next began to complain about being separated from her husband and children. Like most live-in servants, they were on a Bantusian a few thousand miles away. "I explained to Daisy that her situation was no different from my own. My husband is often away on business. I tried to explain that part of maturity is being able to form non-exclusive relationships."

But Daisy had passed beyond the "U-N Complex," a phase which, caught in time, can be reasoned away. She had fallen victim to the "Cleaver Complex." Thus, instead of accepting her cultural immaturity, she projected her insecurities outward. Sullen and withdrawn, she exhibited all the classic symptoms of rebellious adolescence. At this point Gilda should have checked these repressive tendencies; instead, she became emotionally paralysed.

"I tried everything to escape: luncheon dates, bridge, cocaine, new curtains. But nothing had meaning. I was living a lie. My friends would talk about

disciplining their maids and I would smile and play along. I was afraid to tell them my problems."

In the meantime, Daisy began exhibiting a further abnormality. She thought money would solve her problems and asked for a raise.

"I explained that Bantus were too culturally backward to handle large sums. I reasoned with her that if I gave her a raise, everyone else's servants would want one and it would destroy the economy. Nothing worked. I was at my wit's end, thinking about a psychiatrist, when the crisis came. I arrived home to change for a dinner party and found Daisy hadn't ironed my white monogrammed shirt. It was the end—I fired her."

The firing of Daisy was the final Rite of Prestige for Gilda. Now she feels confident and centered. "For the first time, I'm able to assert myself."

Having endured the emotionally tiring struggle for independence, Gilda was able to hire a new maid, at a lower salary, and to prevent an appearance of the Cleaver Complex in her new maid.

Not every young Afrikaner has been able to break through the Beulah Connection, however. Some have fled the problem in the only way they know—by moving to Australia. But that is not a permanent solution. The only true passage is that of outgrowing the Beulah Connection and becoming a complete woman.

SASHA & VANZETTI

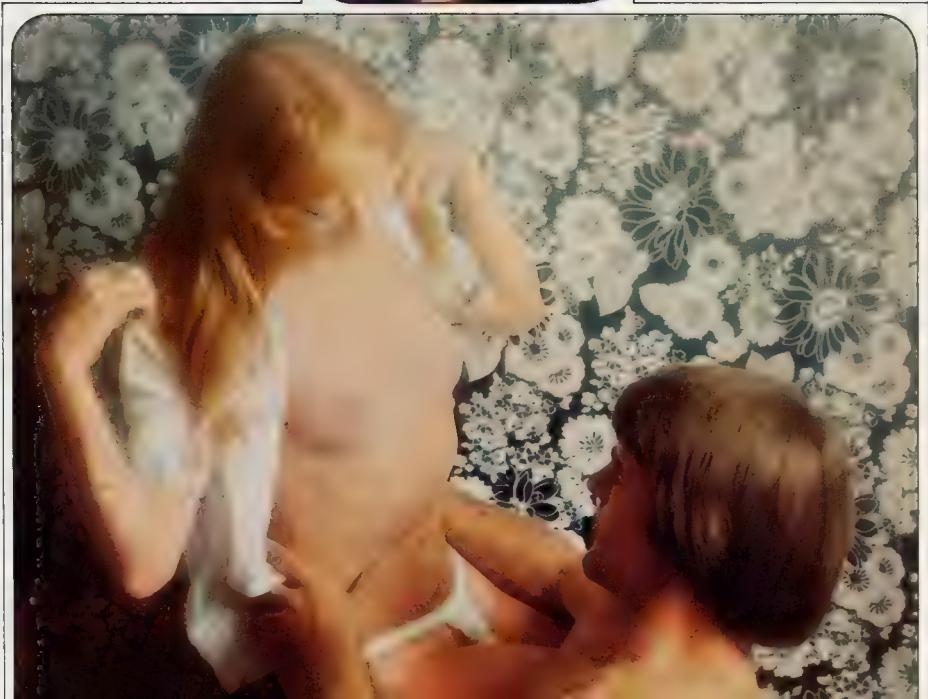
"Hey, hey, L.B.J.,
how many kids did
you kill today?"



Sasha is the spiritual granddaughter of Emma Goldman, dedicated to anarchy, free love, and world peace. Her real parents are Welsh sheep farmers, which accounts for her red-gold hair and creamy skin.

Vanzetti is also a dedicated revolutionary—with words. He's an avant-garde poet, out of work since the folding of *The East Village Other*. In his only book, *An Existential Poem to Street Smegma*, he wrote sensitively about dirt, the fungus on the bricks, and the harrowing depression between a woman's breasts. He occasionally works as a cashier at the A&P, which accounts for his short hair.

Sasha and Vanzetti wanted to join the SLA, and were indeed on
(continued)







“Make love,
not war.”

And so they did.

(continued)

their way to Oakland when Patty Hearst was kidnapped. They decided to forget it. "We felt any group who would hang around with 'that' kind of person was pseudo-revolutionary, and beneath us."

They had originally met at the *Gem Spa Candy Store* back in the idealistic '60's. Sasha, who was Moral Director for the



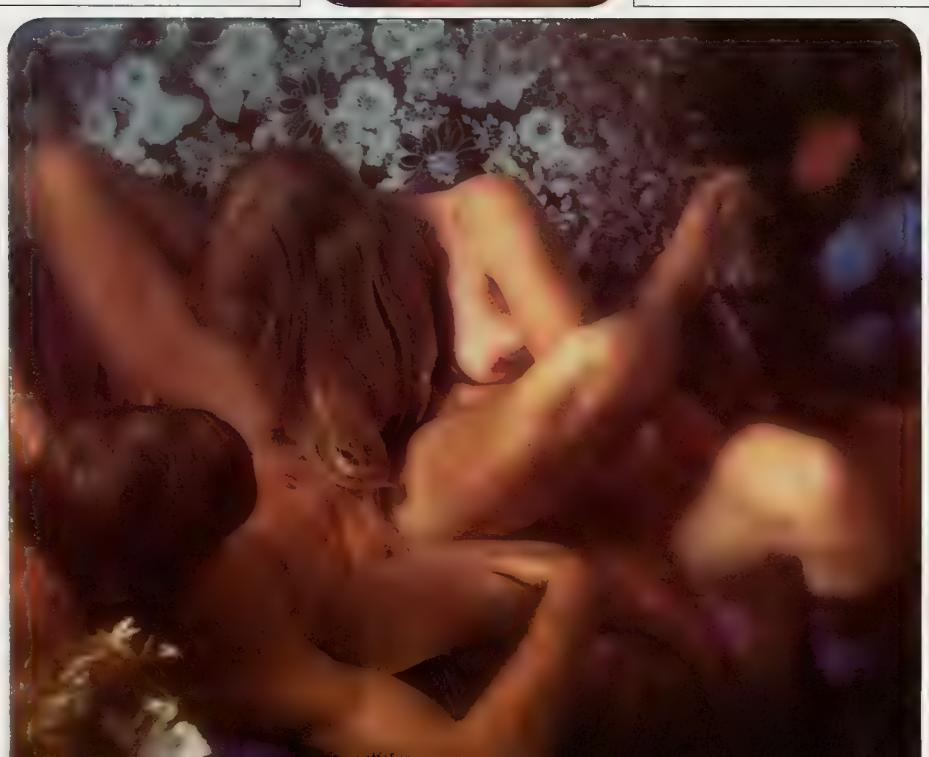
Student Peace Union, had gone there for her after-demonstration egg cream—chocolate with an extra squirt of seltzer. Vanzetti had stopped by for the early edition of *The Realist*, which, as usual, was late.

He had been disappointed and decided to drown his sorrows in an egg cream. He ordered chocolate. Sasha smiled at him. Comrades in arms, her eyes seemed to say. Vanzetti smiled back, moved by her long legs and the outline of breasts beneath her fist-imprinted T-shirt.

"Hey, hey, L.B.J., how many kids did you kill today?" he asked with dated breath.

"Make love, not war," she answered in code.

And so they did. ●



ROX OFF

A GAME FOR TWO CONSENTING ADULTS

devised by ROBERT ROMANOLI

illustrated by SEAN DALY

Ever wonder what's making beddy-bye so banal? What lacks when you hit the sack? Do you find your lovers fulfilling their desire by eating a pizza roll and watching *Midnight Special*? Well, what's missing? I'll tell you: *competition*. The thrill of victory and the agony of defeat!

Now you can turn your ordinary, fourth floor walkup into Olympic Stadium with ROX-OFF, an exciting new pastime based on the exciting old pastime, with one unique difference: there's a *winner* and a *loser*. The idea of the game is to make your partner come before they make you come. Whoever comes first loses.

Before you start placing bets, let's explain this racy version of Beat the Clock. The game is divided into two parts: *Foreplay* and *Hotplay*. Players begin moving around *Foreplay* until one decides they're ready for some tastier action, namely *Hotplay*. At this point they start collecting cards representing parts of the body and methods of stimulation. Upon reaching ROX-OFF they can cash in on what they've collected and try to make their partner come in a certain amount of time.

You'll need a few essential items before you begin. Namely, your favorite sex partner. The more you know your partner's sexual attitudes and preferences, the better it is for you. Next, choose your favorite place to play: the bed, the closet, atop Mt. Rushmore. You'll need one die, a clock to time the action, and any apparatus you would normally use to turn on your partner, such as dildos, whips, House of Pancake salt and pepper shakers. Next, cut out the 12 *Bodyparts* cards and the five *Action* cards and lie them all separate and face-up, next to the board. Cut out the playing pieces, place them on *Foreplay*, try to get your partner to sip a bit of ginseng, and we're ready to begin.

Foreplay:

Roll the die to see who goes first. Each player, in turn, rolls and moves that number of squares, then follows the directions of the square they land on. Most squares are self-explanatory, but these need explanations:

"Select Mood"—The first player to land here gets to adjust the lighting, the music, the air conditioner, the incense. Do anything to the room that would help turn their partner on. This mood remains throughout the game.

"Turn On"—Here you can either smoke pot, take a drink, or have your partner do so.

"Disrobe"—Here you can either remove all your clothing or all your partner's clothing, whichever helps to get your partner hornier.

Players continue around *Foreplay* until they reach *Decide*. Here each player must stop, no matter what they have rolled, and assess the situation. If you think your partner isn't warmed up enough, then continue around *Foreplay* some more. However, if your partner is *Hot 'N Ready*, then you'll want to go on to:

Hotplay:

When one player decides to move to *Hotplay*, both pieces are immediately placed on *Hotplay* and players continue in turn rolling the die and moving. When a player lands on a square depicting a *Bodypart*, they take one *Bodypart* card that corresponds to that picture.

Players continue around *Hotplay* until they reach ROX-OFF. Once again each player must stop, no matter what they have rolled. Then they select one *Action* card and also receive one minute ROX-OFF time. They must decide whether to cash in on the cards they've collected or return to *Hotplay* to move and collect some more.

continued

ROX OFF

BY Robert Romanoli WITH Sean Daly

Instructions continued

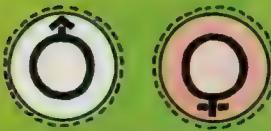
Cashing in:

When a player reaches ROX-OFF and decides to try to make their partner come, they may combine any or all of their *Bodyparts* cards with any or all of their *Action* cards in the amount of time they've collected (one minute for each landing on ROX-OFF). Example: You hold on to the *Fuck and Feel* *Action* cards, several *Bodyparts*, and have two minutes ROX-OFF time. You can try any combination of fucking or feeling on any of the *Bodyparts* you hold, but if after two minutes your partner has not come, you must return all the cards you have used back to the pile, forfeit all your ROX-OFF time, and return to *Hotplay* to move again.

Note: When all the cards have been collected, the next player to land on ROX-OFF *must* cash in on at least one set of cards.

You might find a strange thing happens: after playing the game for a while you may want to forget the whole thing and just get it on the old fashioned way.

But remember: whoever comes first
STILL LOSES!

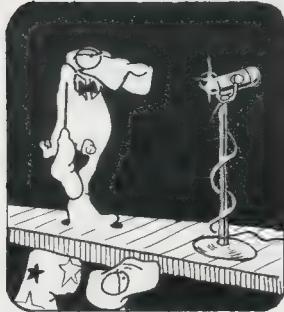


playing pieces



VAUGHN BODE

EROTICA



LAYDIES AN' GENTLEFROGS!
PRESENTING DA VAUGHN BODE CARTOON CONCERT!

CLAPCLAP!
CHEER HUZZAH
HOOORAY!
APPLAUD YEE-HA!



AAah, G-GOLLEE
CHEECH!
WOOOMP!
TONGBALL FLIGHT
DECK INSTRUMENTS

YES MAME I AM
CHASING MY OWN
COMET TAIL INTO THE
COSMOS OF MY HEAD!

CLAPCLAP!
SHADDUP SHADDUP!
WE GONNA AUCTION OFF
DIS PHLEGM-BALL TO
DA HIGHEST BIDDER FOR
½ HOUR. WHADDAYA BID,
HAT?



NEXT: CHEECH WIZARD AND HIS NEW DEAD PAL!

TO WOODY

HOT TYPE

"A good catchword
can obscure
analysis
for fifty years."

-Wendell Wilkie

Volume 1 Number 2, 1976

CELEBRITY SPERM AUCTIONED



CREAM OF THE CELEBRITY CROP: The highest bidder was pretty low at test tube sperm auction.

There's nothing new about sperm banks, but you've probably never heard of a sperm bank that specializes in the ejaculations of celebrities. One such alleged organization, *Celebrity Sperm*, tried to hold an unprecedented public auction of its famous frozen come, but was devastated by bad luck. The first bit of misfortune, for prospective buyers at least, was that the whole thing

was a fraud from the start. It was all in good fun, but a fraud just the same.

Celebrity Sperm was the handiwork of Joey Skaggs ("Giuseppe Scagoli," for the sake of the auction), whom you might remember as the president and founder of the *Cathouse for Dogs* some time ago. The *Cathouse* was just another in a string of hoaxes which fooled many major news organizations

and a gullible public.

Unfortunately for Skaggs, the celebrity sperm auction gimmick was not readily swallowed. No matter. Skaggs managed to fill a small portion of a Greenwich Village street with friends who convincingly played the parts of prospective sperm consumers.

"All we have left," shouted a Skagg accomplice playing the part of a

Celebrity Sperm worker, "is the sperm of Mayor Beame and Joe Garagiola. Take your pick." Of course, the milky white substance in the vials she showed the crowd was no more than some milky white substance. But Joey's dedicated friends, artists and actors all, displayed the fury, outrage and desperation you'd expect to see among women who have just learned that they would not bear Bob Dylan's artificially inseminated baby after all.

Unlike Skaggs' *Cathouse* ploy, this one failed to fool any of the major media. And, in all likelihood, Skaggs will lay low until newsmen forget his face and his name before trying to put one over on them again.

Editor: Manny Neuhaus
Design: Milton Zelman
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HOT TYPE subscribes to Zodiac News Service, Earth News Service, and Werner Heisenberg's *Uncertainty Principle*.

A MAN CALLED SUE

In France, a car stalled on a section of railroad tracks in the northeastern countryside. Along came a train at 65 miles per and the little car was blown away. The two auto passengers, the locomotive engineer and his assistant jumped for safety and were not seriously injured.

So why is the owner of the car being sued for \$6 million? The collision caused the locomotive to derail and the train struck the railing of a bridge, causing it to collapse into a canal. The locomotive, too, plunged into the canal and along with it went 21 of the 38 freight cars it was pulling. Of the train's cargo, 10,000 bottles of beer and several carloads of German soup spilled into the canal, suffocating its stock of breams, gudgeons and ruffs. How does that add up to \$6 million, you may still be wondering?

Traffic on the northern network of the French railway was disrupted for nine days and a shuttle bus



Photo: Wide World

THE \$6 MILLION SUPER-SNAFU. Just one little accident, and the world comes tumbling down.

service had to be initiated between two stations; a temporary bridge had to be built and 300 feet of track replaced; it took six cranes ten days to clear the canal of the twisted railroad cars; and the engineer and his assistant suffered broken ribs. That's \$800,000 for the locomotive alone, \$30,000 to \$40,000 for each of the freight cars, \$20,000 is

claimed by the canal authority because 40 barges were immobilized by the blocked canal (an association of barge owners will lodge a similar claim), the Society of Bar-le-Duc Anglers is seeking reparations for 300 pounds of ex-fish, including 100 pounds which survived the soup but were killed during the dredging operation, and all those good people who did

not get the goods the train was carrying to them will have to be compensated.

The owner of the car (remember the car?) has insurance, however. Through School Teacher's Cooperative Insurance, Gerard Gasson is insured for accidents. Gasson pays \$33 a year for his insurance. Poor M. Gasson! Next year his premium will go up—to \$38 a year.

PRISONERS FORCED TO WEAR DIAPERS



What's the best way to reform a prisoner? To Dr. William Hunter, chief psychologist of Washington State's prison system, you make him wear diapers, crawl around on the floor, and carry baby bottles. And if that doesn't get him back on the straight and narrow, you can bet nothing else will. Infantile behavior in inmates can be effectively treated, claims this prison

shrink, simply by treating inmates as if they were infants.

It may be that Washington prisoners are doomed to a life of infantile crime, because Dr. Hunt has been kicked out of his job. His "therapeutic" policies, said state officials, were degrading and unfit for human beings. And they wouldn't give him his old job back if he came crawling for it.

MANSON, LOVELACE EARN PRAISE



DEEP RESPECT: Ms. Lovelace.

If the public figures kids choose to idolize is any indication of the nature of coming generations, we may be in grave danger. Then again, we may not be.

One hero of five hundred 5th to 12th graders polled in a recent survey was the inimitable Linda Lovelace. And though you might think these kids a little young to be looking up to one of the finest givers of head the silver-blue screen has ever known, virtually no harm can come from emulating her. In fact, kids who learn the importance of giving and getting good head at these impressionable ages can only help spread joy and peace in the world. Behind the usual spate of sports figures, movie and television stars, Linda placed a respectable 40th.

Only four slots behind Linda, however, was the awesome personage of Charles Manson. Now that's something to worry about.

DO JEANS CAUSE CANCER?

More and more, everyday substances are being found to contain things that might bring on "The Big C": cancer. The latest discovery will scare the pants off you.

According to a toxicologist with the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, there is evidence that indigo, the dye used in the manufacture of denim clothing, contains a known carcinogen. That is, your blue jeans are killing you.



STRIPPING: For safety's sake.

To escape the deadly dungaree, you can send your new, designer jeans to us at Hottotype for testing. Or, you can forget the whole thing because the real danger is to factory workers who are exposed to high levels of the chemicals in indigo dye during the manufacturing process.

Man's Best Friend Gives Hard Head

Rain, snow, sleet and darkness of night might not hamper Florida postman, Joseph Lucas, from making his appointed rounds, but a ferocious bite in the crotch will. Particularly when the bite is from a vicious dog and the appointed rounds are with his wife.

A Clearwater, Florida, jury recently awarded Lucas \$14,000 for the pain (oh, the pain!) and medical costs he incurred after having his chops brutally attacked and bitten (not completely off we assume) by a dog. Lucas' wife, whose male service (at least from hubby) had been temporarily interrupted, was awarded \$1,000.

DOPERS PLEAD: LETTUCE GET HIGH!



Some people will try to get high from anything. Remember banana peels? Now there's the *e-lic-tric* lettuce.

A Palo Alto, California, firm called Pharm Chem Laboratories says that medical literature indicates "lettuce opium" is a natural sedative that was once used medically. Enter the lettuce head.

A mail order house (Natural Enterprises of Gaithersburg, P.O. Box 2044, Gaithersburg, Md.

20760) claims that "lettuce opium" produces an honest-to-goodness high. The stuff is made, they say, from the liquid resins of the wild lettuce plant. That sounds exotic enough.

They sell the stuff for \$4 a gram plus 50 cents for handling. But if there are any ill side-effects from smoking the substance, you just might be the first to discover them. So toke, if you dare, with caution.

DEATH LEADS TO TRAGEDY

The ambulance ride of a New York City woman couldn't have been choreographed better if the Keystone Kops had done it.

The woman, Annie Brexia, had inexplicably fainted in her home and an ambulance was summoned to take her to the hospital. En route, the ambulance collided with a truck and, at about the same time, the ambulance doors sprung open spilling its contents: one stretcher-bound Mrs. Brexia. The woman spent the following four months in the hospital for treatment of multiple fractures of the left leg and ribs. She checked out of the hospital against the wishes of her doctor and spent one



Photo: Wide World

MOTORPSYCHO NIGHTMARE. Dying is not always easy, but she managed after several tries

year nearly bed-ridden at home before dying of pneumonia.

That was back in '73. More recently, her husband was awarded

\$425,000 in damages, partly from the hospital and partly from the rental company which owned the truck that struck the ambulance. Meanwhile, the

hospital had apparently been so busy treating Mrs. Brexia's broken bones that no one bothered to find out why she fainted in the first place.

HAVE PILL, WILL TRAVEL

Steven and Judi Schwartz were married in Cleveland, took a honeymoon to the Bahamas, and probably didn't even ball. If they did, they surely didn't sleep very well because, as happens to so many travelers, their luggage was lost. And in the luggage, well out of her reach, were Judi's little helpers: birth

control pills.

The Schwartz's have assessed damages caused by the deprivation of first-night frolics at \$25,785, the amount named in a suit they've filed against the airline company. How they arrived at that odd figure is a mystery, even if how they spent their honeymoon isn't.



PLAINTIVE PILL PLEAD: "But you can do it in my mouth."

Plastered Parrots Stopped at Border



We've all thought up clever schemes to sneak a little liquor past customs agents, but Raynaldo Torrez Chavez is the cleverest of all. Chavez tanked up parrots with tequila and then smuggled the birds past customs agents at the Mexican border.

Chavez didn't care about the booze, however. After all, how would he get it back from the par-

rots and what could he do with it if he did? His scam was to get the talking birds so sauced they'd be unable to whisper the faintest *que passe* as he took them through customs. Chavez, a parrot smuggler, did manage to get them through the border alright, but was busted when he tried to sell six hungover parrots to an undercover customs agent.

SWIMMING LEADS TO TRAGEDY



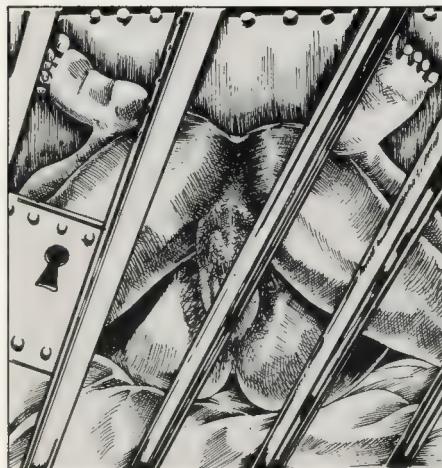
SWIMMING VICTIM. He lost hair, and was almost made trunkeless.

As deadly almost as the jaws of a shark are the blades at the end of a propeller shaft. That's what rock singer Shawn Phillips must have been thinking as the spinning propeller blades of a 30-foot boat he was swimming near caught his extremely long hair. It looked for a moment that Phillips would be turned

into chopped meat for the fish in the Mediterranean.

Phillips escaped the deadly and merciless rotations of the prop just in time, but not before losing most of his hair and being cut severely enough to require several stitches in his head. The stitches will soon heal, according to reports, but the hair may take years to grow back.

SWEDISH PRISONERS GET FUCKED



If you're going to get yourself arrested at all, for God's sake, get arrested in Sweden. Prison there just might be better than home. At least, you might have a good sex life.

Sweden is experimenting with the effects of cohabitation on prison violence. Well, it's not cohabitation exactly. It's even better!

Male and female prisoners are allowed to have sex with each other in special "cohabitation rooms," and, at specified hours, male and female inmates are allowed to visit each other's cells. It's better

only" moans and groans and other sounds that tickle the id. Then comes the sales pitch.

For \$3, Kazama gives subscribers an unlisted phone number which offers an even wilder recording. The five-minute aural orgies are performed by drama students, says Kazama, and are changed weekly. If you don't think the idea is a good one, just multiply the \$3 fee by 40,000 paid subscribers.



than cohabitation because you only visit; there's not enough time to get on each other's nerves.

But before you go panting off to Sweden remember: this is just an experiment. So far, however, preliminary results point to the conclusion that sexual freedom in prisons does tend to have a "civilizing effect" on the inmates.

When people on the outside hear about the paradise to be had in prisons, they just may start committing more serious crimes and demanding maximum jail sentences.

Men in Drag Safe From Heart Trouble?

Photo: Eric Stephen Jacobs



MEN WHO DRESS AS WOMEN. They're doing it for their hearts.

Worried about kicking from a coronary? A partial cure, though still in the experimental stages, may have been found, and all it'll cost is your masculinity.

Drs. Anelia Uzonova, Estelle Ramey and Peter Ramwell, researchers at the Georgetown University Medical Center, Washington, have discovered a possible link between the male hormone, testosterone, and the formation of thrombi (blood clots). The doctors induced blood clots in young rats and found that male rats had twice the death rate of females and that clots in males were twice the size of those in females. In humans, correspondingly, death rates from heart attack is five times greater among men from 35 to 44 than it is among women

the same age. Testosterone, the stuff that makes men men, may be the cause, the researchers believe.

They treated three groups of male and female rats with testosterone, estrogen (the female hormone), and an anti-testosterone agent. The male hormone increased clots, the female drug reduced them slightly, and the anti-testosterone treatment greatly reduced the occurrence of clots. This effective drug, though, has some side effects that might make it difficult for the public to accept. In men, it produces many characteristics normally associated with women, which presumably includes swollen breasts, loss of facial hair, and an uncontrollable desire to wash dishes.

SLEEPING LEADS TO TRAGEDY!

William Elvin, 76, may very well have preferred to die in his sleep, but he probably never expected to become a traffic statistic too.

In his rural home in Iliopolis, Ill., the elderly Elvin lay sleeping in his bedroom. About 2 a.m. one recent morning, Mark Blair drove his car off a nearby road and traveled some

distance before reaching Elvin's house. Apparently unable to stop in time, Blair's car careened through Elvin's bedroom wall and finally came to a stop after it had run over and killed Elvin.

According to police, the entire length of the car was inside the house and it came to rest atop Mr. Elvin.



Photo: Wide World

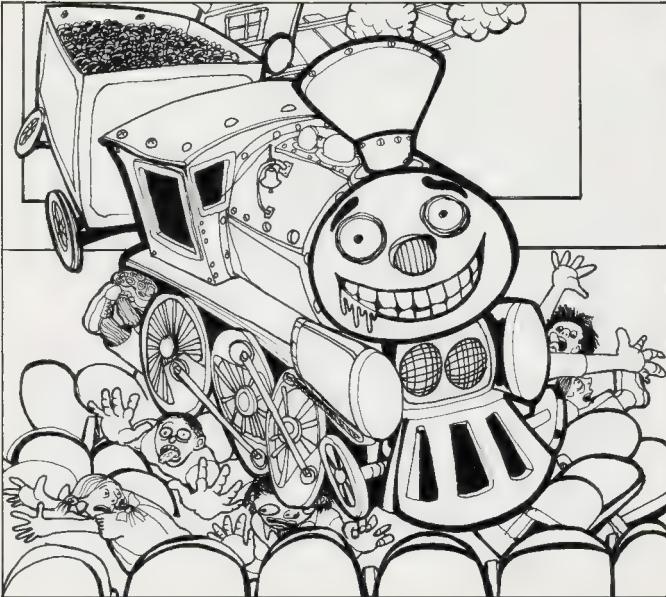
SLEPT TO DEATH: But it really started out as just another nap.

Outbreak of Marital Blissters in Buffalo

Divorce rates make it plain that people tire of married life more quickly than ever, but for a pair of Buffalo, New York, newlyweds there must be a place in the *Guinness Book of World Records*.

At 4 a.m. one recent morning, Buffalo police spotted a man in a three-piece suit and a gown-clad woman having a knock-down, drag-out fight. "They were punching and kicking each other," was the way one of the cops put it. The 19-year-old groom had been seen chasing his 32-year-old bride moments before the slugging began. They were recently married and had just come from a reception. But they couldn't wait to get home to start enjoying the bliss of married life.

Fifty Ways to Cleave Your Lover



HEAR THAT LONESOME WHISTLE BLOW: It's lonesome because everything in its path is dead.

Kids who play on railroad tracks must pose a serious problem in Great Britain because the British Rail system is undertaking a pretty severe tactic to keep them away. The British Rail has commissioned a film designed to put the fear of death into youngsters aged 11 to 14. The film opens with a boy on a

bridge fantasizing about a group of kids playing on the tracks below.

One by one the care-free, fun-loving kids are knocked off by oncoming trains. Wham! Bang! Splat! By the end of the film many of the children are either killed or maimed.

The film still needs the approval of educators, Rail

unions and parents' groups before it can be shown to thousands of British schoolchildren next year. If they don't approve, the British Rail system should consider putting it into the theatres. Sounds to us like this one could be the biggest box office smash to come out of Great Britain in a long time.

Swede Nails Down Another Record

No, it doesn't have a good beat and you can't dance to it. This record was made by one Stefan Kastle, a Swede, who claims the title of having laid on a bed of nails longer than anyone in the world.

For twelve hours, Kastle lay sprawled over

3,850 nails in a Goteborg, Sweden, television station. Kastle may not get his name set in record-holder's bold type, however, because he left his pants on and had a pillow under his head during the event. Those nails are damned sharp, after all.



Ugly People Moving to Front of Bus

There's a liberation movement for just about every variety of person. Homosexuals and women boast many such groups, short people have a club, and for every race and nationality there's an organization that "looks after its own." Three years ago another of these groups was formed which finds its membership spread throughout all the others. It's *Uglies Unlimited*.

UU leader Danny Lee McCoy says that the group has received inquiries and letters from many countries. "There's a lot of ugly people in the world," says McCoy. "I'm proud to see they're finally coming out of the closet."

Though some of you may wish the uglies remain in the closet, the movement for physically unattractive people is making inroads in ending job discrimination against uglies. For example, according to McCoy, Northwest Airlines had restricted stewards who require corrective lenses for their vision to wearing contact lenses, while it allowed stewards to wear glasses. That regulation has been changed. UU has also filed complaints with other airlines which have similar regulations that don't bear on air safety or service.

We can just see the passengers in a jumbo jet throwing up into their air sickness bags as some dog-faced stewardess gives instructions on how to use them.



Illustration by Jay Eisinger/Iron Mountain

Lonely Women Are the Vessels of Time

Fiction by Harlan Ellison

After the funeral, Mitch went to Dynamite's. It was a singles bar. Vernon, the day-shift bartender, had Mitch's stool reserved, waiting for him. "I figured you'd be in," he said, mixing up a Tia Maria Cooler and passing it across the bar. "Sorry about Anne." Mitch nodded and sipped off the top of the drink. He looked around Dynamite's; it was too early in the day, even for a Friday; there wasn't much action. A few dudes getting the best corners at the inlaid tile and stained glass bar, couples in the plush back booths stealing a few minutes before going home to their wives and husbands. It was only three o'clock and the secretaries didn't start coming in till five-thirty. Later, Dynamite's would be pulsing with the chatter and occasional shriek of laughter, the chatting-up and the smell of hot bodies circling each other for the kill. The traditional mating ritual of the singles' bar scene.

He saw one girl at a tiny deuce, way at the rear, beside the glass-fronted booth where the d.j. played his disco rock all night, every night. But she was swathed in shadow, and he wasn't up to hustling anybody at the moment, anyhow. But he marked her in his mind for later.

He sipped at the Cooler, just thinking about Anne, until a space salesman from *The Inquirer*, whom he knew by first name but not by last, plopped himself onto the next stool and started laying a commiseration trip on him about Anne. He wanted to turn to the guy and simply say, "Look, fuck off, will you; she was just a Friday night pickup who hung on a little longer than most of them; so stop busting my chops and get lost." But he didn't. He listened to the bullshit as long as he could, then he excused himself and took what was left of the Cooler, and a double Cutty-&-water, and trudged back to a booth. He sat there in the semi-darkness, trying to figure out why Anne had killed herself, and couldn't get a handle on the question.

He tried to remember exactly what she had looked like, but all he could bring into focus was the honey colored hair and her height. The special smile was gone. The tilt of the head and the hand movement when she was annoyed... gone. The exact timbre of her voice... gone. All of it was gone, and he knew he should be upset about it, but he wasn't.

He hadn't loved her; had, in fact, been ready to dump her for *(continued)*

1976 by Harlan Ellison

**Her body was pale
and filled with light;
she was an ice maiden from a far magical land.**

Lonely Women

(continued)

that BOAC hostess. But she had left a note pledging her undying love, and he knew he ought to feel some deep responsibility for her death.

But he didn't.

What it was all about, dammit, was *not being lonely*. It was all about getting as much as one could, as best as one could, from as many different places as one could, without having to be alone, without having to be unhappy, without having them sink their fangs in too deeply.

That, dammit, was what it was all about.

He thought about the crap a libber had laid on him in this very bar only a week ago. He had been chatting-up a girl who worked for a surety underwriters firm, letting her bore him with a lot of crap about contract bonds, probate, temporary restraining orders and suchlike nonsense, but never dropping his gaze from those incredible green eyes, when Anne had gotten pissed-off and come over to suggest they leave.

He had been abrupt with her. Rude, if he wanted to be honest with himself, and had told her to go back and sit down till he was ready. The libber on the next stool had laid into him, whipping endless jingoism on him, telling him what a shithead he was.

"Lady, if you don't like the way the system works, why not go find a good clinic where they'll graft a dork on you, and then you won't have to bother people who're minding their own business."

The bar had given him a standing ovation.

The Cutty tasted like sawdust. The air in the bar smelled like mildew. His body didn't fit. He turned this way and that, trying to find a comfortable position. Why the hell did he feel lousy? Anne, that was why. But he wasn't responsible. She'd known it was frolic, nothing more than frolic. She'd known that from the moment they'd met. She hadn't been fresh to these bars, she was a swinger, what was all the *sturm und drang* about! But he felt like shit, and that was the bottom line.

"Can I buy you a drink?" the girl said.

Mitch looked up. It seemed to be the girl from the deuce in the rear.

She was incredible. Cheekbones like cut crystal; a full lower lip. Honey hair... again. Tall, willowy, with a good chest and fine legs. "Sure, sit down."

She sat and pushed a double Cutty-&-water at him. "The bartender told me what you were drinking."

Four hours later—and he still hadn't learned her name—she got around to suggesting they go back to her place. He followed her out of the bar, and she hailed a cab. In the back seat he looked at her, lights flickering on and off in her blue eyes as the streetlamps whizzed past, and he said, "It's nice to meet a girl who doesn't waste time."

"I gather you've been picked up before," she replied. "But then, you're a very nice looking man."

"Why, thank you."

At her apartment in the East Fifties, they had a few more drinks; the usual preparatory ritual. Mitch was starting to feel

it, getting a little wobbly. He refused a refill. He wanted to be able to perform. He knew the rules. Get it up or get the hell out.

So they went into the bedroom.

He stopped and stared at the set-up. She had it hung with white, sheer hangings, tulle perhaps, some kind of very fine netting. White walls, white ceiling, white carpet so thick and deep he lost his ankles in it. And an enormous circular bed, covered with white fur.

"Polar bear," he said, laughing a little drunkenly.

"The color of loneliness," she said.

"What?"

"Nothing, forget it," she said, and began to undress him.

She helped him lie down, and he stared at her as she took off her clothes. Her body was pale and filled with light; she was an ice maiden from a far magical land. He felt himself getting hard.

Then she came to him.

When he awoke, she was standing at the other side of the room, watching him. Her eyes were no longer a lovely blue. They were dark and filled with smoke. He felt...

He felt...awful. Uncomfortable, filled with vague terrors and a limitless desperation. He felt...lonely.

"You don't hold nearly as much as I thought," she said.

He sat up, tried to get out of the bed, the sea of white, and could not. He lay back and watched her.

Finally, after a time of silence, she said, "Get up and get dressed and get out of here."

He did it, with difficulty, and as he dressed, sluggishly and with the loneliness in him growing, choking his mind and physically causing him to tremble, she told him things he did not want to know.

About the loneliness of people that makes them do things they hate the next day. About the sickness to which people are heir, the sickness of being without anyone who truly cares. About the predators who smell out such victims and use them and when they go, leave them emptier than when they first picked up the scent. And about herself, the vessel that contained the loneliness like smoke, waiting only for empty containers such as Mitch to decant a little of the poison, waiting only to return some of the pain for pain given.

What she was, where she came from, what dark land had given her birth, he did not know and would not ask. But when he stumbled to the door, and she opened it for him, the smile on her lips frightened him more than anything in his life.

"Don't feel neglected, baby," she said. "There are others like you. You'll run into them. Maybe you can start a club."

He didn't know what to say; he wanted to run, but he knew she had spread fog across his soul and he knew if he walked out the door he was never going to reclaim his feeling of self-satisfaction. He had to make one last attempt...

"Help me... please, I feel so—so—"

"I know how you feel, baby," she said, moving him through the door. "Now you know how they feel."

And she closed the door behind him. Very softly.

Very firmly.

Fashion by Goldstein

Fashion centers in New York, Paris, and Warsaw are still in shock over the recent show by Goldstein, whose revolutionary style has hit with all the impact of raw meat thrown into a cage of vegetarians.

For example, this splendid piece from the Goldstein Collection features the world's greatest logo in four rich, almost Fauvist hues against a backdrop of bold white. In the most daring move of all, Goldstein constructed the back of the shirt in a solid field of the same, bold white. The neck hole is being viewed as a gesture to appease traditionalists.

Goldstein, a true showman like all great designers, concluded his showing of this particular item by drowning the model.

The only question remaining in the wake of this Goldstein triumph: how many will be daring enough to buy it?



Yes, I'm daring enough to wear the best.
Make check or money order payable to: **NATIONAL SCREW**. Mail to: **NATIONAL SCREW**, 116 W. Fourteenth Street, New York, NY 10011. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Size: Small Med. Large X-Large

1 for \$4.95 \$ _____

3 for \$11.95 \$ _____

N.Y. Residents add 8% Sales Tax \$ _____

Shipping and Handling \$ _____ .75

ENCLOSED: \$ _____

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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

SECRETS OF STRIPPING

AT WORK!

by Colette Connors



RIGHT HERE! BACKSTAGE! REVEALED!

Photographs by Manny Neurath

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen. The glittering world of burlesque which formed your father's adolescent fantasies is no more. Vaudeville has vanished and the tease has all but disappeared from the strip. For the mere cost of five dollars you can sit in a dirty, smoky, two- or three-flight walk-up theatre and see beautiful naked girls from 18 (and sometimes younger, but nobody's telling) to 45 (who say they're 25 but the makeup doesn't hide the sagging flesh and the purple stretch marks).

In one theatre, and in all fairness possibly some others, the girls put on little acts as they remove their costumes, but in most places the strippers shed their apparel as quickly as possible and get down to the real business at hand—making tips. For one dollar ("Yeah, only a lousy buck!") you, dear customer, can remove the lady's garter or fondle her breast, and, in a few places, she'll lay right down on the end of the stage and you can take your turn in line to have your tongue sample her wares and taste the saliva of perhaps 20 other men.

But, perhaps my sex and my middle class moral upbringing make me prejudicial. Perhaps the strippers really enjoy their work.

Well, some say they do and some say they don't. Most prefer to be called 'dancers' and refer to stripping as such; a few, particularly those involved in live simulated sex shows, insist upon being called actors and actresses. A very small number shrug their shoulders and say, "It's a living." But they all like the money.

At eight dollars a show, for beginners, doing an average of six shows per weekday and seven on weekends, without tips, a week's wages total \$352. Some work two weeks straight, then take two weeks off. Others take one weekday off per week. It varies from place to place, girl to girl, as does the money, the number of shows and the time on stage. The tips range from \$125 to \$150 per week, to sometimes as high as the same amount per night, particularly on weekends. You don't need a computer to figure out they've got quite a nice take-home salary.

But what about the girls? Could you take them home to mother? The girls who become strippers come from a variety of backgrounds ranging from

college graduates to part-time hookers, loving mothers to girls from Catholic convents. There's even a story about an opera singer who stripped between opera jobs until one day her manager chanced to be in the audience. She never came back to strip again.

The strippers' world is made up of small, cramped, sometimes shared dressing rooms, lots of coffee, long waits between shows, and managers and promoters who are either the epitome of ass-grabbing dirty old men or, preferably, protective fatherly types. The smart girls shrug off the sleazy managers who make fantastic promises of stardom out of their own delusions of grandeur; more about these gentlemen later.

The first stripper we talked to performs under the name of Ann Hagen. She hails from San Francisco where, she said, she is studying for her doctorate in environmental education, aided by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

"I came to New York looking to do something different. I felt I'd been in the academic world too long. So, I looked for an interesting job that would pay a lot of money and ended up answering an ad for strippers in *The Village Voice*. I had always felt if I got to be 40 and had never been a stripper, I'd have missed out on a part of my life as a woman. I felt burlesque would make me aware of my physical body, and my body's never looked better. I've been dancing for about four months and the first time, it was just like acting. I'd never acted before but now before every show I take a breath, put on another face and go out there and act.

"I had to shave my pubic hair and at first you get this rash so you wear makeup to cover it and then that irritates the skin. But, it finally clears up. The work is physically exhausting. A lot of girls will take drugs or something to get through the day, to handle the men. They get all fucked up. But, I really enjoy it. Sometimes I get so hot on stage I start humping my rug."

Ann's already done several loops and she's scheduled to star in a film with hard- and soft-core versions due to be released in November entitled *Santa's Coming*, produced by her manager, Mike Cassone.

Most girls don't jump right into stripping. The pattern appears to be

they'll start out with topless go-go dancing. The pace is hectic and includes mingling with customers to hustle drinks, so many girls turn to stripping even though they make less money.

Honey Midnight started out in go-go dancing and worked her way up to star billing as a stripper. Twenty-three years old, Honey is a blonde, mother of two, who works on and off at the Melody Burlesque (48th St., between Broadway and 8th Ave., NYC). She has a particularly special story

As a result of being thrown down a flight of stairs by her mother at age two, Honey was deaf and dumb until three years ago when she had an operation to correct some of the damage. Though she couldn't hear the music, she began dancing eight years ago, keeping the rhythm through the music's vibrations on the runway floor. She now hears about 50 per cent and, once her shyness wears off, speaks fairly well.

Honey started out in Monticello, Pa., and has worked go-go bars and strip joints as various as Boston's Combat Zone (an area specifically zoned by that city for porno movies, massage parlors, strip joints, etc.), Philadelphia, Las Vegas and now New York, to name only a few.

Her husband-manager Lord Duncan talked bitterly about the business end: "This is a cut-throat business. A lot is all bullshit. 'Oh I'm gonna make you a star, so come in the back room.' Hey, you wanna get laid? You got a hundred bucks? Come on, you can't give away nothing. There's a lot of jealousy in this business. Some kid who's just starting out wants to know why she can't make as much as somebody who's worked the clubs for years."

"I'm dancing and that's what I always wanted to do since I was a little girl," said Honey with a big smile and soft Southern accent. "I think of the customer first. I try to put on a show that pleases everybody. A lot of girls do it just for the money, they don't give a shit about the customers. And drugs! Some of these kids are so whacked out they fall off the stage. About half of them are lesbians, making it backstage. But I don't let them bother me."

"I had all my costumes ripped off in the Combat Zone in this go-go place, and they're not cheap either. The costume you saw me wearing tonight (continued)

He fished the garter from the glass and sucked on it.

Stripping

(continued)

cost a thousand dollars. And you gotta have at least several different ones. Boston was awful. In between dancing you gotta hustle, oh, about 300 drinks a week plus the boss wants to screw you, too.

"Why do I do it? I worked my way up. I enjoy it. Hell, I'm just making a living to take care of my children."

A man who's been in the business for years offered some interesting comments: "Are there many lesbians? I'd say at least 90-95 per cent of the strippers are lesbians. They get turned on by being on stage, they have to hang out backstage, they need a release. Hey baby, don't write that down. Let's say they're bisexual. And, let's be kinder. Say about 80 per cent are bisexual. We don't want the customers turned off. The girls get all mixed up. They get screwed up by the field they're in. Too many of the young ones get in with con artists, end up doing 8mm loops for \$125 a day, then do a few weeks burlesque, then another loop and so on. They're around the pimps and the drinking and the drugs. A lot aren't in control of themselves. If you get smart ones, they know better. A lot got boyfriends—hey, say boyfriends instead of pimps, huh, baby?—the guys take care of the girls and the girls support them. Some are very controlled by their old man."

Another person in the business is Lee, a young woman who manages and produces Show World Center's Mini-Burlesque (669 8th Ave. at 42nd St., NYC). Essentially an updated peep show with private booths in a semi-circle facing an enclosed glass stage, the Mini-Burlesque is reputed to be the biggest money maker in the entire four floor entertainment complex. Lee, a stripper herself, has been affectionately nicknamed "Pillows," in reference to her ample posterior. She took us backstage to a communal



dressing room where the girls wait out their 45 minutes between shows smoking cigarettes, running out for coffee and donuts or just blankly staring into the large mirrored wall. A hand printed grey cardboard sign cautions the performers:

- A. Please, girls, no finger fucking on stage.
- B. No fighting.
- C. No dildos allowed or insertion of any kind.
- D. I want you to work strong but please use discretion (class).

Lee said she felt her girls liked working Show World because of the homey, almost family type atmosphere, and her girls supported her. Does she think being a *woman* producer has anything to do with it?

"I don't know. I think if there were male managers who cared for the girls and treated them decent for a change, the girls would like working for them, too."

Lee was just being nice for, as noted previously, the majority of the managers do not "treat the girls decent." They're always looking to grab a feel or a free lay and, in the course of researching this article, I

have had my ass grabbed and goosed, had my outstretched hand refused by a manager who inclined his head towards my face for a kiss, and even had my toes stepped on as a clear excuse for one promoter to throw his arms around me, all done completely on purpose and every incident punctuated with shit-eating grins. If a reporter gets this kind of treatment, you can imagine what the strippers have to put up with. No wonder girls like working for Lee!

Shannon King is one of Lee's "girls." At 19, Shannon started as a go-go dancer in New Orleans. She is now married and has a five-year-old girl.

"I got into stripping by accident. A girl at a go-go place I was working in New Orleans said, 'I know where you can make better money, but you'll have to go a bit further.' And so, I did. A lot of girls are in it for the money but I'm into it because I enjoy it, otherwise I wouldn't be doing it. My daughter says she's gonna grow up to be a mommy and a dancer just like her own mommy. She's upstairs in one of the offices right now, playing with another stripper's daughter."

Shannon's husband, Shane, designs all her costumes and when the seamstress has finished, they destroy the design. In yet another incident of jealousy in the stripper's world, one girl demanded a copy of an original design. When Shannon refused, the girl threatened, "Either I have it too or you won't have it at all." The next night, Shannon found her costume ripped to shreds in her dressing room.

Shannon also makes her own garters, as do several strippers, who refer to them as "throw-aways," meaning that for a tip, the customer can keep them when the stripper throws them out at the audience. Shannon says once in a while a garter or a g-string will land in someone's drink. "But they don't care. One guy made a great show of fishing it out of his glass and sucking the dripping garter and smacking his lips. Others

"A woman's place is in the home, unless she's out doing woman's work. Like stripping!"

come up to the stage and slip it back on my thigh."

Shannon and Shane have begun working occasionally as a team in simulated sex shows which they also got into by accident. With three friends, they attended a Strip-A-Thon in Quebec featuring 57 different strippers and a few couples doing sex shows. Shannon and Shane decided to do an act together, a rape scene. The audience loved it. "They hit us with strobe lights," said Shane, "and you just get so hot up there on stage it's hard to stop yourself from going all the way. One man later asked me if I was really in her. I said I wasn't telling."

Presently refining their act as a "love team," by mid-August they will be performing as "Shane and Shannon—Love Incorporated" at Avon 7 (7th Ave. near 47th St., NYC). A few of their acts include a drunk scene, where Shane pretends he's a drunk from the audience and staggers on stage to show he can do a better strip than Shannon; another is a vampire raping a nun undressing for bed; a bad little girl being spanked and then raped by her father.

The idea for the drunk scene came from a real incident that happened in Canada when one customer climbed on stage to get into the action. The man was so drunk he proceeded to fall on top of Shannon and dislocated her shoulder. The show's manager was kind enough to pay the doctor bills for x-rays and re-setting.

While talking to them I lit a cigarette, whereupon Shane jumped to his feet and shouted, "Don't ever do that. Not when I'm around."

Thinking he was an anti-smoking nut, I offered to put out the offending cigarette.

"Oh you can smoke," he said, "but I'm a male chauvinist. You wait for me to light your cigarette."

"Shane's the man of the house," explained Shannon, "definitely *The Man*. And that's the way I like it. I don't do nothing without asking him



first. There's all this women's lib stuff, but the feminists just want to take away jobs that men should be doing. I believe a woman's place is in the home, unless she's out doing women's work. Like stripping."

Now, there's a lady who really has her rap worked out. Other girls who have worked peep shows of the mini-burlesque variety and smaller operations don't have quite the positive attitude of Shannon.

Nancy is 19, married, and has a small son. She worked peep shows for a year and has only been stripping on a stage for two weeks.

"You make better money on stage. Yeah, I like it. It turns me on. There's no big difference in working conditions but I guess you get a better class of people in a stage show, not as vulgar. It's a good living."

What does her husband think of her work? "He doesn't care for it, but he's not working. He can't say much."

Another stripper who's worked all kinds of clubs was willing to elaborate further, but preferred to remain nameless.

"The peep shows are really funny. The men stand behind the glass, they

make all kinds of faces, they all wave. Some write notes: 'I'll pay you this if you do that.' Or, 'Meet me outside in ten minutes.' One guy keeps flicking his Bic so I can see his face 'cause it's kind of dark and he sticks his tongue in and out and licks the glass. Another guy comes in regularly, takes off all his clothes and stands there naked jerking off. When he lets go he splatters all over the glass window. Jesus! They're all really hysterical. I do this on and off whenever I need the money. I worked in Boston, Philly, Florida once. Does it turn me on? You gotta be kidding! It's just a job."

Tina Marie is another lady who makes no excuses. When she's in New York, she works the Follies Burlesque (Broadway at 46th St.). While some strippers blow their money away on drugs, and others go for clothes and costumes, Tina's stashing her money away in a bank. A bright, bouncy girl with a smile that knocks 'em dead, she worked in New Jersey as a kindergarten teacher's aide, then came to New York to earn money and ended up as a go-go dancer.

"It's so hard working in a topless bar. You're on every 15 minutes for six or seven hours and the guys get all drunk and sloppy. And the girls, they take everything. You name it—uppers, downers, I mean everything. I wanted to be a movie star. Took dancing lessons, jazz dancing. The first time I danced topless I was so embarrassed about being naked, well, I had really long hair at the time and I kept covering my breasts with my hair so no one could see me. I had to get very drunk, too. But it's easier being a stripper. The Follies is nice, you don't have to do anything with the customers unless you want to. Next week I'm going to Washington to work for a while. I can book myself in New York, but out of town you need an agent to set up dates for you, and they take a lot of the money you make, too."

"Weird customers? Oh sure, plenty.

(cont. on page 94)



Billy Swan:

Still Crazy After All These Years

by Susan Toepfer

Director Nicolas Roeg may see David Bowie as rock's perfect alien, but Combine Music's Al Bianculli offers a far less obvious candidate. "First time I met him," Bianculli says of friend Billy Swan, "I thought he was from another planet." According to Al, Swan once described a fellow artist that way in some liner notes, "but when I asked him about it, he just gave me a strange look." Then there was the 3,000-page "bible" Billy carried, an obscure tome focusing on visitors from outer space. And if Rod Serling had turned rockabilly, he probably would not have done much better in the teen angel department than Swan and frequent co-writer Dennis Linde in their unreleased song, "The Monster That Broke My Heart." When Billy upped and named his baby daughter "Planet," that might have clinched it for Bianculli—if he hadn't started working with the musician and decided he was "just a regular person."

Still, there is something strange about Swan. If nothing else, in a profession peopled with eccentrics and egomaniacs, he stands softly and sanely on the side. Smiling.

"You're talkin' to *the man*," belied an on-the-wagon country old-

timer the first time I met Billy, in Columbia Record's Nashville offices. Turning to "the man," he marveled, "What you doin', two and a half million? Do you realize how often that comes along? Once in a lifetime, son. Go back to the country."

Swan just smiled. In the winter of '75, "I Can Help" was still on the charts, an overwhelming success in Europe as well as the States, and the singer knew damn well how often "that" comes along. When he was 16, he wrote a poem for a high school English assignment. At 18, he put the words to music and Clyde McPhatter recorded it. "Very simple, two chords," Billy describes "Lover Please." "That was the first song I wrote, and it was a hit. Then 'I Can Help.' So there was a 12- or 13-year gap right there...." And if those years didn't drive him back to the country, he's not about to board a Greyhound now.

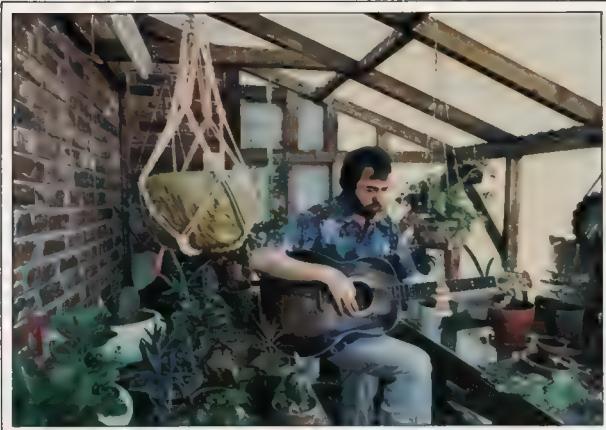
In many ways, Swan may have been the archetypical '50's teenager, living up in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where he was raised by an older sister after his parents died, he was firmly part of the local band scene, traveling from gig to gig in neighboring honky-tonks. "I started playin' in this beer joint when I

was 15, just one other guy and me," he remembers. "All we did was about three Chuck Berry songs and two instrumentals and no one would know the difference, they were havin' such a good time dancin'." By 18, the band had expanded, as well as the itinerary and repertoire: "We'd work one place every Tuesday night, another Wednesday, another Thursday, Friday, and play the top ten records of the day. Jerry Lee, Chuck Berry, Elvis."

Swan pounded out the beat on an old gray-studded, gray-padded piano he picked up for \$50, and occasionally dodged flying beer bottles. "Sure there were fights," he says with a shrug. "Somebody would say something somebody else didn't like; a guy would catch another guy givin' his girl the eye; sometimes the girls would get into it, too. Jealousy things, mostly. I remember goin' to the bathroom one time and this guy told me, 'Tell the steel guitar player I'm gonna kill him.' I said, 'You tell him.'"

It wasn't the scene but the music that mattered to Swan, the music that made the decade. "I wasn't really involved in the 'Happy Days' kind of situations you see on television 'cause I was in a small town," he says, "but (continued)

Photographs by Ken Kim



Billy Swan

(continued)

growin' up in the '50's was great, mostly because of the musical thing. From '56 to '59 or '60—Little Richard, Fats Domino, Buddy Holly, Elvis, Jerry Lee, The Coasters, The Drifters—a real music trip. Thank God it came along. I loved it so much. Still do."

There are those who say he loves it too much, and there was a time when if you mentioned "50's" to the musician, he'd shake a finger and gently correct, "Not '50's. *Progressive rockabilly*. I don't like it when people say the things I'm doin' are nostalgia, because there's no such thing as a nostalgia artist. Of course there's gonna be a feeling of nostalgia to it because a lot of people remember rockabilly. But with my band, we're just doin' what we like, and we can't help it if we like that kind of music." After all, he believes, the essence of the old rock was *feeling*. It would be sad to think that that feeling was limited to one time and place, and the fact that Billy's new group ranges from 25-year-old guitarist Tim Kiekel to a pal from the old Cape Girardeau days, Louis Kielhofner, on sax, should be significant.

Tim may not be old enough to have been an active participant in '50's rock, but Louis and Billy played together in the group Mirt Mirly & The Rhythm Steppers, and he remembers the first time they both heard Swan's '62 hit: "We were drivin' down the road one

**Swan's
"Don't Be Cruel"
is enough to send a
now-older audience
into Suicide City.**

night about two o'clock in this old black car of Billy's, and on the radio Clyde McPhatter was doin' 'Lover Please.' We both just stopped the car and kinda got out to walk around. No one was even notified. Billy didn't even know he'd recorded it. What was even funnier was when Billy got the money for 'Lover Please' he wasn't 21 and he had to put it in a trust fund. But somehow or other, he bought this little Corvair Monza with some of it, and the damn thing caught on fire in Memphis. Since he had an out-of-state license, he had to pay the fire department. He didn't have the 50 bucks to call 'em, so he just stood there and watched it burn."

While in Memphis, hoping to write songs Bill Black would record, Billy lived with Elvis Presley's uncle, who

watched the gate at Graceland. Every once in a while, word would filter down from the mansion that Presley was heading out from the confines. "I wasn't exactly followin' him around," Swan mildly protests, "but they'd say, 'Elvis is goin' to the movies,' and we'd all get in the car and follow him."

These days, he's as close to Elvis as his socks. Literally. When Billy heard Presley planned to record "I Can Help," he asked for the socks he'd wear during the recording session. "I think I'll wear 'em once, then frame 'em," he speculated soon after receiving those strange souvenirs. But the socks toured Europe with him last spring. "I wore 'em when I recorded 'Everything's The Same,'" he says, "and yeah, I've worn 'em onstage. In fact, I think I just washed 'em for the first time when I was in Europe—though they smelled good when I got 'em from Elvis," he hastily adds. "The whole thing started as a joke, though, because here he was givin' away watches and cars and rings. No, I *wouldn't* mind a car or ring. Damn. Maybe I should turn in the socks."

At least a suit, we decide, is in order for the man who brought back "Don't Be Cruel" in a haunting slow version that Otis Blackwell (the song's composer) recently applauded in New York. As far as Billy knows, Presley never heard it. "When I met him backstage in Vegas and he was talkin' about doin' 'I Can Help,'" Swan relates, "I said, 'Well, that's only fair of you since I did 'Don't Be Cruel'.'" He's part writer on that song, you know, so I figured it made him a little money, though I'm not too sure he understood the joke."

As an interpreter of rock classics, Billy may well have surpassed Elvis with his version of Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes." "Johnny Cash told me he gave Carl the idea for that," he offers, "back when they were callin' the music 'country bop.' Cash said there was some guy bought him some shoes in Jackson, Tennessee, and was tellin' somebody, 'You can do anything you want, but just don't step on my blue shoes.' So he told Carl he should write a song about it, thought maybe Carl had more of a feel for it." He did. And Billy does.

But Swan's "Don't Be Cruel," while enough to send a now-older audience into Suicide City, better displays the

sly, mischievous approach that often underlies his work. Like the yelping he threw into "I'm Her Fool"—which Billy calls the "Dog Song." "When we were recordin' it," he says, "I just felt like doing something crazy, so I started barking like a dog. I don't think it really sounds like a dog... but I understand it does turn some dogs on."

In the ten years between his move to Nashville and the success of "I Can Help," Swan had a lot of time to develop a sense of humor as well as his music. As "The Black Swan," he used to sneak into Combine Music's executive offices, replace a nameplate with that title, and hold mock court for visiting would-be stars. At the Holiday Inn Pancake Man, an all-night Nashville meeting place, he began piping "Roy Gene," a fictional country singer he created to tease the big session musicians. In a town and business where everybody's afraid not to be on the inside, Swan and cohorts soon found themselves listening straight-faced to the session men's own tales of "Roy Gene," his origins, his future, and the hard-assed tactics of his manager, "Paul R. Man."

The legend of Kris Kristofferson's days sweeping floors and cleaning ashtrays in the Columbia recording studios is a Nashville struggling songwriter's standard. But Swan held that janitor's job first—and in fact handed it over to Kris when he quit. For a while, Billy lived at 1909 Broadway, which also housed Kinky Friedman, composer Willie Fong-Young, several other songwriters—as well as the Easy Method Driving School. One resident remembers that "the biggest event was after Kristofferson started to make it, he'd drop by occasionally, and everybody would play cool and pretend not to notice." But Billy and Kris, who share such experiences as providing the back-up voices on Joan Baez's "Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," always had a solid friendship. "He's a great songwriter," Billy praises. "It always was just a matter of time before somebody let him do something." As for himself: "I didn't have that much faith," he laughs. "'cause I didn't have that many songs."

From the rather nerve-wracking experience of playing with "Texas Jew-boy" Kinky Friedman, Billy went on to tour with Kristofferson, and stayed in Kris' band until well after "I Can

Help" After waiting 12 years, he was more than willing to wait a few more months before putting a band together and going out on his own. And these days, he's more concerned that the group be recognized than Billy Swan: "I don't want to ever be standin' in a Las Vegas suit swingin' the microphone cord around sayin', 'Alright folks, I want you to feel the music, we're all here to have a good time, blah, blah, blah!'"

In performance, Swan is one musician who provides a respite from the artist-to-audience banter that became commonplace with the balladeers—Vegas suits or not. An avid collector of rockabilly originals, he offers "You're The One," an obscure Buddy Holly song written with Slim Corbin and

Waylon Jennings which Billy found in Europe. With consistent ease and intensity he can switch from an outrageous oldie like "Ubangi Stomp" to his own "Vanessa" and "Love You Baby, To The Bone," written with Dennis Linde. Both have the drive and flavor of the '50's, but are hardly imitations. Swan is a lot more sophisticated than most of his rockin' predecessors, but a lot less self-conscious than many of his contemporaries. Which, in many ways, means the best of both worlds. "You were conceived at the right time," begins "Number One," written with his wife, Marlu. The same might be said of Swan's arrival in the musical scheme of things.

"We're really into your music," the leader of a pack loudly praises Billy after a performance at New York's Other End. "You're doing the right thing," he assures. "Pretty soon, everybody will know. They're all going to follow."

Of course, they're not. Fortunately. It's also most frightening to think of the results if other musicians started to mimic Swan's increasingly commendable compositions and dazzling interpretations. Sincere and original, he's one alien who deserves his private spaceship. Just look how long it took to launch it.

But Billy isn't one to extol the virtues of waiting for success. "I'd just as soon it had happened when I was 18," he laughs. "Wouldn't bother me a bit. Wouldn't mind bein' a star, either. Hell, stars make a lotta money." ●

Sincere and original, Billy Swan is one alien who deserves his private spaceship.



He explained that sneakers stand out more dramatically without clothing.

SEA, SEA, SEA, RIDER

Celia always wanted to be a model. "Everyone always said I had the mind for it, which is funny because in school no one ever thought I had brains." For several months she'd been haunting the modeling agencies in Pennsylvania, filling out forms and going for interviews. "I never got any jobs, except once as an understudy for the Breck girl." Finally Celia got so depressed she decided to gather her high school graduation money and take a week in Jamaica. It was the best idea she'd ever had.

As she was getting off the plane, Siwar, our photographer, saw her through the lens of his brownie and asked her to model for him—"a big job, to advertise sneakers in a magazine."

Siwar and Celia went down to the beach, to a small deserted inland cove just made for intimate sneaker shots. "I put on the sneakers, and then Siwar told me to take off my clothes. I was surprised, but he explained that the sneakers looked more dramatic without clothes."





SEA SEA RIDER

The next week Celia had a job modeling garter belts in the garment district.

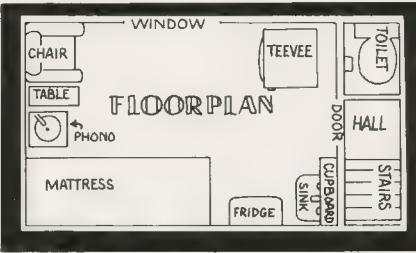
While they were busily shooting away, a man in a palm beach suit came out to watch. After the shoot he introduced himself to Celia saying he was the owner of a New York dress firm and offered to put some clothes on her back. "I laughed and told him I really had plenty of clothes, but that since we were doing a sneakers ad, I didn't need any."

Intrigued by her innocence, the dress manufacturer took Celia out to dinner and offered her a job modeling garter belts in his private office.

"Looks like I'll get to be a successful fashion model yet."





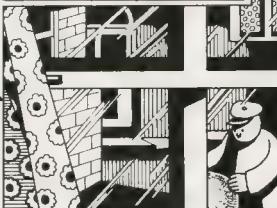


DON'T GET
AROUND MUCH
ANYMORE

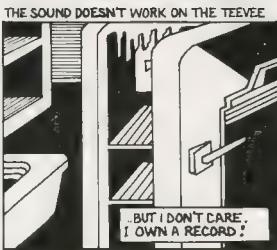
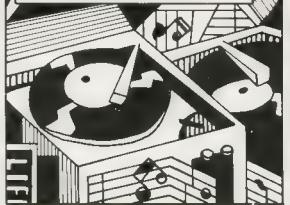
TO BE READ
TO THE ACCOM-
PANIMENT OF
A DRIPPING
FAUCET, SLOWLY.

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MY CABLE BILL IS PAID UP FOR
THE NEXT THREE MONTHS ...



...AND WHOEVER LIVED HERE BEFORE
LEFT A STACK OF LIFE MAGAZINES.



THERE ARE SOME CRACKERS
IN THE CUPBOARD, AND ...



I READ IN LIFE THAT ANN MARGRET
IS MAKING A COMEBACK...





Women Who Have Known Me

Fiction by Tuli Kupferberg

Lois Lane of *Screwweek*, The Weekly Screws Magazine, trotted down the cellar steps into The Fucks' dressing room. Yuri was expecting her and was in his underwear. That is, he was wearing his All American Broad Jumping Team sweatshirt and nothing else (no bottoms), for that's the way he always slept.

He heard a timid knock. "Come in," he said in a loud, strong, gay voice. Lois was dressed informally for the occasion. She was a wispy, small-breasted blonde with hair tied in a pony tail by a red barrette, whose top and bottom were made up of two human figurines, whose legs entwined when you locked them.

She wore faded blue jeans and a white sweater, with a small pearl necklace hanging demurely from her sun-tanned throat.

She asked Yuri if there was some place she could hang her sweater as she'd just ironed it. He got her a hanger and she slipped it over her head, revealing a black net lace peekaboo blouse (no brassiere!) and with the pertest little red nipples peekabooing at him. The blouse was cut through completely at the nipples and they just popped right out. Her feet were clothed only in torn blue sneakers and her left pinky toe protruded as she walked.

She sat down, lit a cigarette and turned on the tape recorder. "I've got a deadline, so can we just begin?"

"Sure," said Yuri.

He licked his lip with his tongue and started:

My mother was a short blonde, quite pretty when young, but naturally a little gone when I knew her, and she had had (still had?) the clap. I know this because I found these Department of Health papers in our cellar when I was trying to clear the fleas out of my shell collection. So there was never any sexual congress there.

My sister had big tits but wouldn't put out.

My father was opposed to homosexuality due to his Yeshiva upbringing, so I never got to find out how he felt about incest. I would guess from all the fights (with thrown dishes and everything) that he was a lousy lay anyway.

My first real crush was on Grace, a pure-looking little Wasp girl at P.S. 43, Brooklyn—you know it? Near Prospect Park? No?... Well, I met her when I was five, at the preschoolers' summer program, and I remember my heart skipping a beat every time she came near to where I was sitting at a bench in the school yard, making round, doughnut-shaped cardboard and raffia picture frames. She liked purple. I made purple frames all summer, but we never even got to talk.

Then when I was seven I got my first orgasm. It was during an arithmetic test and I got so anxious that I kept pressing my knees together, and after a while I just popped! It was a delicious feeling. I've always been attracted to mathematics ever since. I got 94 on the test, by the way.

When we moved to Manhattan, I guess I was about 11 then, I fell in love with a beautiful Irish shiksa, Florence Kelly, in my sixth grade class. Our teacher died and then they played "Song of India" in assembly in her memory and I have always associated sex and death ever since. I bumped into Florence in the 67th Street library once, but was too shy to do anything about it. In this library with its magnificent windows I first learned to read. By myself. *Peter and Polly on the Farm*. I was amazed when I saw the letters come together and make words, the words sentences that I could understand. I looked through the large plate glass windows into the park and had a real revelation. If you ever find a copy of that book let me know, would you? 'Cause I sure would like to recapture that feeling again!

While pretending to be asleep under the covers, I used to watch my Aunt Sadie undress. Once she saw me stir. And said, "Pardon me, Yuri!" sincerely, as if she had committed the sin.

(continued)

Illustration by Joe Schenkman

Then there was Nora—I wouldn't fuck her though she tried to seduce me in the apartment of her lesbian teacher.

Women & Me

(continued)

That was the summer I learned to jerk off. It really was a surprise and a revelation when I handled myself so much that I came—a sweet, glistening drop at the end of my glans penis. That summer, too, I found my sister's expurgated copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and jerked off at every occasion. I didn't know that there were parts missing from the book till years later.

I walked with Lorraine, holding hands on a beautiful starlit night and kissed her. I walked into a field with her and we sat down but I didn't do anything more. Later, walking home, I had such a hard-on that I had to piss right on the black down-sloping asphalt road.

One day I got so horny while walking with my friend Isaac that I grabbed his hand and we walked hand in hand for a while toward the orchard. But nothing happened.

My cousin Yuss and I used to jerk off in his mother's liver. I mean cow's liver, *not* his mother's liver, heh heh. And then we would very carefully wash it off and put it back in the ice box. He also showed me what condoms were, or "scumbags" as he so quaintly called them. These he used to steal by the gross from the wholesale druggist on Rochester Avenue where he worked after school and Saturdays as truck-man's helper, making deliveries all over Brooklyn. Some Saturdays I would ride with him. It was exciting. His father, Uncle Hersh, had "dirty comic books." We used to jerk off to those too. Yussel had a terrifically long wang and made me feel vaguely second-rate. Sometimes we'd jerk each other off.

I was the first person in the world to lose a chess game in 1941. We waited till Yuss had me checked and at the stroke of midnight on December 31, he yelled "Mate!" He, of course, was the first to win a game in 1941. I often think of that evening.



My high school years were hard-up times. Miserable. Lots of walking on our roof and peeking through toilet windows across the area way.

College was a little better. Getting drunk at parties. I first fucked—a married woman and a rabbi's daughter—in Williamsburg, standing up against the wall of her father's grocery store late at night. "Here?" she asked. "Yeah." "O.K." And she dropped her panties and Kotex on the floor. Her husband was at war and we had just seen a man killed in a streetcar accident. Gruesome. We did it once more in the front room of a friend's house at a party. We just had time to slip our clothes on as his parents drove up the driveway.

Then there was Nora—I wouldn't fuck her though she tried to seduce me in the apartment of her lesbian teacher in Greenwich Village. Her boyfriend was my best buddy and fighting in the Philippines. If he had been home or not my best buddy—but the combination was too much for my Hasidic hon.

Dvorah seduced me soon after. I felt her breasts first under the back station boardings of the Brighton Line's Beverley Road stop. They were large, warm and beautiful. So was she. She didn't wear any brassiere! What an amazing surprise. I more or less moved into her off-campus apartment and once she

kidnapped me to her father's Long Island estate where a surly, jealous groom gave me a horrible horse that tried to bite my foot off, and succeeded in tearing off the stirrup. I dismounted swiftly and have never ridden a horse since. There was lots of sand and fucking there (in the sand) and sand got in my prick. The ground was full of straw and not too comfortable either, but I kept walking into town to buy more condoms.

She hid me there in a backhouse for a week, until one day I made an appearance at the dinner table as if I'd just arrived. My parents wondered where I'd been. I guess I should have phoned.

Soon after, I met my first wife. A feisty, radical, Zionist bitch who threatened to leave me with no pussy if I didn't marry her and take her away from her boring, middle-classed, overbearing parents. I succubussummed. The wedding—a gloomy farce. We separated soon after when I met the love of my life: a beautiful, neurotic lit major from Hunter College. We did the Village rendezvous scene, but then she left for Paris.

There were various exciting lays a la boheme. One with a Norwegian mother, another with a red-headed, crazy Reichian who objected to the way my mouth sounded when I ate. Anyway, she had trichomoniasis. A beautiful mother of two who got pregnant with my child. A tiny-mouthed, small-breasted dentist's daughter from Syracuse. A fat, lovely-faced Jewish girl from Brooklyn who ate candy bars incessantly and farted while she slept. Her friend, a svelte Spanish girl, named Denise.

Then The Fucks began and my luck cascaded. The time we broke the cot backstage at the Orpheus Theatre. Lola in the Calm Thyself bookstore—on the mat smelling of come and pussy juice—in the back. Marian upstairs and Freda from downstairs. (I was now living with Arielle who didn't mind my extracurricular activities—as she had hers, too.)

Tali cried when we fucked and when I asked if there was anything wrong said she was crying for joy.

In the back seat of the station wagon taking us from Appleton to Madison, with Miriam, the University of Wisconsin student, a lovely black-haired, buxom lass with flesh like Indian Summer. Backstage with the Smithy. Getting blown in the upstairs toilet by Gail, a waspy, wraith-like creature who told me on her knees, as I sat on a throne-like chair in the anteroom, that she had dreamed of this for many months. Upstairs at The Folk In when Aaron gave me the keys to his apartment. Lily said she couldn't fuck and so I moved her hand down to my stiff prick but she said, "I know a better way," and went down on me. She was a Kerista lady. The woman I met walking her dog outside The Folk In one hot August night. We went up to her apartment and had a superb fuck.

Three of them, in fact. She said, "I needed that!" (Her father was the largest kosher butcher in Las Vegas.) The time the teeny bopper jerked me off in Denver while her girl friend watched. "Ooh—lots of come," she said. I kissed her as I came, saying, "Oh thank you, thank you." The time I grabbed Nancy just as she turned all the lights off at The Pontoon Theatre, rolled her on the floor in total darkness and started trying to fuck her face by mistake. The fine fuck at Ellie's after putting Ben to drunkland. (We had to stay the night with him so we fucked five times, not to waste any time.) The woman in Copenhagen who brushed me off saying I had bad breath.

The pure, sweet hillbilly girl from Kentucky that had a stomach like Michelangelo's David and who wanted to fuck without protection. But we did each other manually instead. That was in terrible Cleveland. The amazing Alicia fuck in the high grass (LSD) at Goddard. The Cleveland clap fuck. The Russian Anna fuck (upside down) in the Detroit Art Institute. The Greater London Fuck at The Ritz, after Shura the nubile Hungarian had diarrhea from eating diabetic chocolate. The Czech general's daughter in Montreal who said she couldn't do it



because of the clap but would gladly eat me because she needed the protein. She swallowed it.

The voluptuous virgin I met in Cambridge who twitched when I licked her cunt but wouldn't let me put it in.

The Jewess from Illinois whose Methodist mother converted to the faith of her third husband, who came up after my lecture at Austin and asked if I wanted to fuck. All blonde and cleansy-jeansy she was and an artist—she *did* fuck back. The daughter of Arizona, Tali—who cried when we fucked and when I asked if there was anything wrong said she was crying for joy. The one I treated shabbily: I, the Big Cock. The 4-Fer: Findem, Feelem, Fuckem, & Forgetem. A beautiful woman, tender, intelligent, sensitive: all the meaningful clichés. I wrote a poem to her (and three other women). Want to hear it?

Four Western Women

These clean open honest strong western women
These tender virile-sexed hearty defined western women
These red blonde bronzed darked western women
These loving laughing western women
These singing western women
These throated breasted well-thighed western women

These strong—sweet—fucked western women
These westernly beauties
These beauties of the snow
the wind
the sun!

And then there was gluttonous Rama whom I had trouble getting it up for....

And glorious Catalpa of Vancouver whom I fucked *a tergo* in a Toronto collegiate rooming house where we were boarding after Lefty our new bass player had stupidly turned her away. She said she liked that position. Later she visited me in New York where we did it again, she farting foully continuously, having eaten some sick sea food she said (and probably just fucked the entire Father of Necessity band).

With the Indiana farm girl who picked me up at the Yuke-Con Bar who wanted to be fucked in the ass and whose breath smelled gloriously of Italian salami.

Then there were...the orgies...
Once on Mount Tamalpais....

Yuri heard a slight snoring, turned and saw Lois asleep with the burned out cigarette 'tween her fingers. The tape had run out.

"Fuck, the tape ran out!" thought Yuri. "Just when I was gettin' goin'. I'm not doing this crap over for nothin'!"

He gently tweaked her right red nipple. She woke with a start.

"Wanna fuck?" he asked. She nodded, "Yes."

He unzipped her pants and she reached for her belly button which she pressed three times. A plastic box came into view where her cunt should have been. There was brown hair in it. A pink polyethylene vibrator arose from behind her ass and came up in bright erection in front of her "cunt." The plastic box popped open and the vibrator began to hum slowly and fluff the brown hair.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said. "Oh, this is so good!"

Yuri ran from the room.

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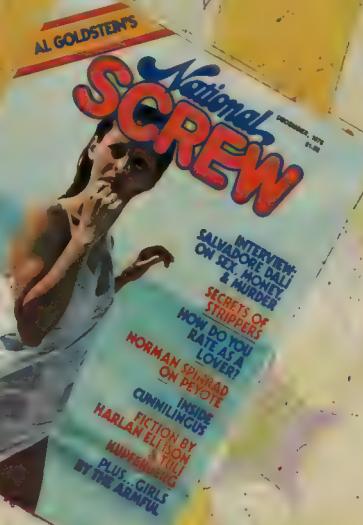
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The Ganja Express

The Ganja Express is an adventure film with explicit sex—or a sex film with explicit adventure . . . and drugs . . . and violence!

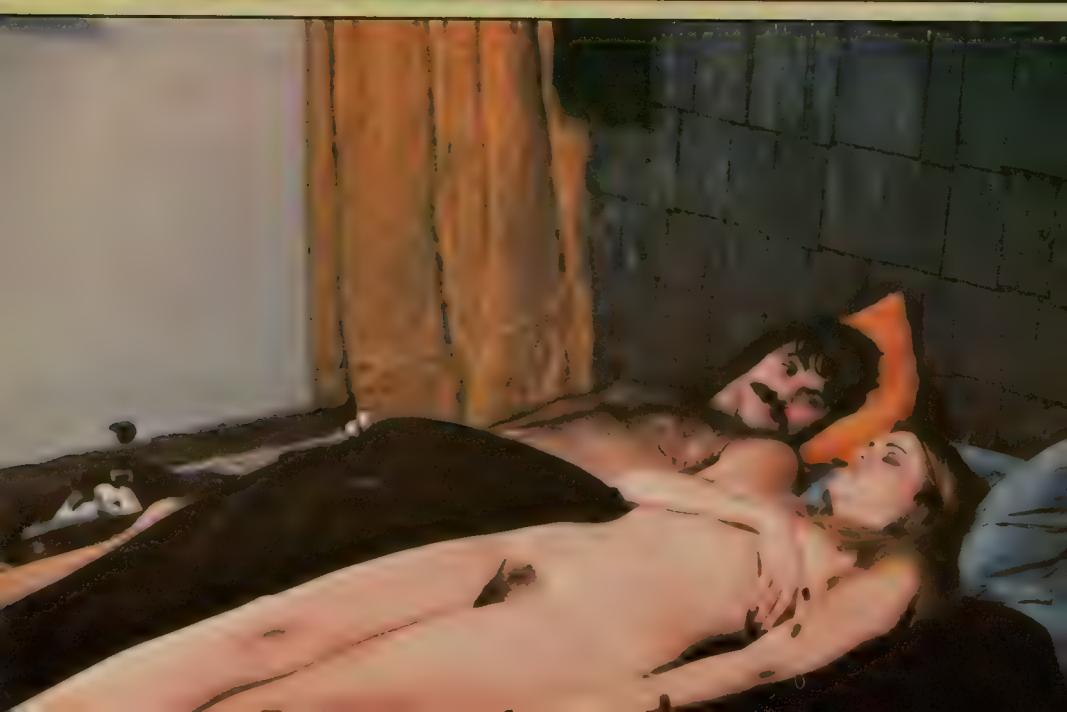
It's a good deal—no one gets rich but everybody makes something for their old age. Everything goes fine until coke enters the picture. Then it's a quick step from small-time smuggling to psychopathic murder.



Once a month the Ganja Express, a fiberglass ketch, makes a smuggling run from Jamaica up the east coast of the U.S. to the international waters off New England. There it drops three to five crates, containing a hundred kilos each, of Red Colombian. An electronic marker is attached to each crate and its rising is the signal for the scuba team, Ed (Jeffrey Hurst) and Diana (Juliet Graham) to bring up the crates. They take them to an isolated seaside airport where a biplane picks them up and distributes them throughout New England. The Kelly brothers, Bill (Tom Bloom) and Stan (Tim McDonough) are the pilots.

It's a good deal—no one gets rich, but everybody makes something for their old age. Everything goes fine until Tony (Jamie Gillis), the operation's kingpin, nightclub owner, and psychopath, decides to go big time. He arranges for a shipment of eight kilos of pure, unstepped-on coke to be included in the shipment. From then on it's a quick step from small-time smuggler to psychopathic murderer. A leak in Jamaica informs the New England Office of the Federal Division of Marijuana Control, ineptly staffed by Charles Braxton III (Alan Clement) and Francis X. O'Neill (Al Levitsky), that a shipment is due. Braxton wants to make the bust. Too much dope has been coming through and he's got egg on his face. The Control Office has its own leak, Gail (Genevieve Gabriel), who's sleeping with and squealing to Tony. Tony isn't really interested in her, but the info is helpful. Francis O'Neill has the hots for Gail, who isn't having any, thank you. After all, there is nothing romantic about a cop—especially one who can't even manage a bust.

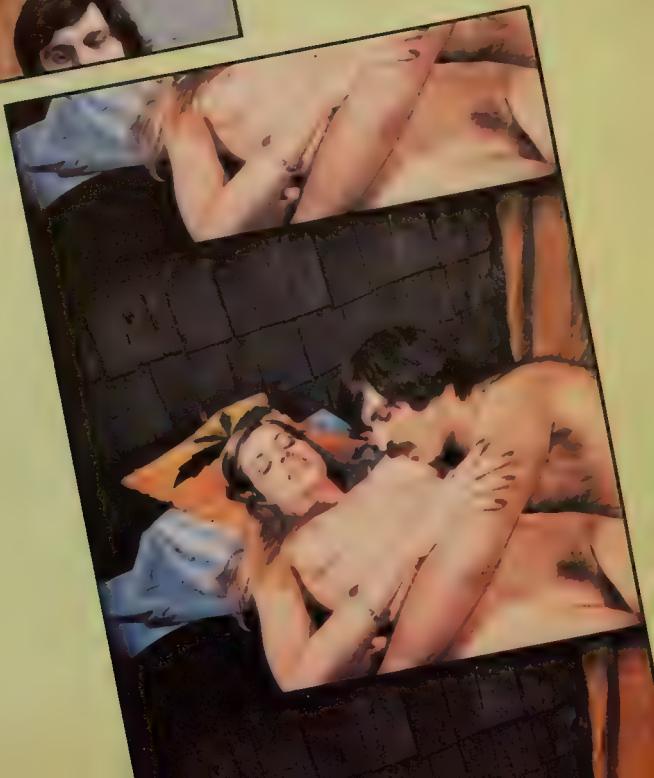
The heat is on the Control Office to bust the operation. Tony, because of
(continued)



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the coke, which no one else in the organization knows about, changes the method of distribution, and wants the crates delivered to him personally. Now, smugglers are a nervous breed and don't like unexplained changes in routine, especially when it becomes more dangerous. Ed and Diana begin to get the willies; so do the Kelly brothers. Gail gets jumpy when she realizes O'Neill is getting wise and runs to warn Tony. O'Neill invites her to dinner, gets offended when she refuses and follows her to find out who his competition is. He gets a picture of Tony's license plate, finds out who it belongs to, and decides to check out the scene.

The confrontations begin at a party at Tony's beach house, a Dionysus complete with pretty boys, handsome studs, and sexy women. The scene is set for a blowout, but becomes a blowup when O'Neill arrives bent on raiding the place. Tony cons O'Neill into holding fire, promising to help arrange a



The fireworks begin at a party at Tony's beach house, a Dionysia complete with pretty boys, handsome studs, and sexy women. The scene is set for a blowout, but soon becomes a blowup.

major bust which will square O'Neill with the Control Office and make him a hero to Gail. Meanwhile, who shows up but Gail, uninvited. Tony takes her upstairs. A fight ensues and when the debris clears, Gail is lying dead. Tony cleans up and goes down to deal with O'Neill by killing him.

Two murders behind him, Tony is racing for the coke and meeting resistance in his organization. He kidnaps Bill Kelly's wife intending to use her as a hostage until the coke is delivered, but Bill walks in on the scene and Tony kills him. Then, he goes to meet Ed, baits him by telling him Diana is a whore and knocks him off, too. Catching up with Diana, Tony tells her Ed is dead and demands that she dive for the coke. Stan, finding his brother dead, comes hunting for Tony and kills him, but not before Tony hits the engine of the biplane and Stan hurtles to his death in the sea.

Diana heads home, the last of the gang to survive. And, nobody gets the coke.

Making *The Ganja Express* was in itself an adventure, an expensive one. Director/scriptwriter Richard MacLeod had the cast, boats, and vintage biplane ready to go at a small Massachusetts seaport. Unfortunately, the weather wasn't on the pay tab and wouldn't take direction. There were intermittent thunderstorms, bad winds, and continually overcast days. The cast got fed up eating clams and demanded steak. By the time the filming was complete, *The Ganja Express* production costs had soared close to the half-million mark.





SMUT FROM THE PAST

by Joe Kane

These rare samples of vintage garter belt art offer welcome relief, do they not, from the slick, liberally airbrushed, abashedly 'nude' studies that stock the pages of so many of today's prurient publications. Back in the '30's, when these lesbian lingerie shots were snapped, posing at such sessions was a career unto itself, and top models in the field—of which these are but two examples—could command big bucks and the respect of their peers for the professional aplomb with which they approached their work. In those drear, desperate days, when everyone was poor except the rich, garter belt artists at least pulled their own weight, however poorly, from a purely postural point of view, and we shall rarely, if ever, see their likes again.

And do you know that that prospect leaves some of us perfectly indifferent? Hard to believe, but there are today everpresent among us those cynical moderns who would sneer, scoff and even make mock of pornographic purists who seek sexual succor in the smut of yore.

They would arrogantly point to the poor lighting, confused action, amateurish staging, unimaginative sets and appalling absence of pulchritude that form the photographs on view here—as if such trifling flaws could succeed in dimming the erotic appreciation of the true carnal connoisseur.

To the contrary, nothing—not even yours truly—could be further from the truth. In fact, an informal poll conducted

among such veteran *Nostalgia Department* staffers as Elderly Ed, Aged Al and Geriatric Joe revealed that, to a man, they much preferred the sometimes technically inferior but invariably more dedicatedly professional porn of the past to the highly polished erotic tableaux so fashionable today. Indeed, one of our oldest and most revered smut lovers, Superannuated Sam, even used the occasion to rise slowly but unsteadily to his feet, adjust his green-tinted editorial shade, remove his dentures and proclaim in a defiant whisper loud enough for all in reasonable proximity to hear that, "I, for one, would rather see a homely 70-year-old *pro* put *on* her clothes than see a beautiful 20-year-old amateur remove them!" A contention that, even in the rarified atmosphere of the *Nostalgia Department*,

met with little support or comprehension.

And yet, no matter what your aesthetic bent, there can be little or no denying that photos like these represent valuable cultural artifacts that contribute mightily to what should be our ever-expanding understanding and appreciation of the past. For that reason, if for no other, we would hope that porn fans who have in their possession similar samples of smut gone by will feel moved to share them with the rest of our readership. A good start in that direction would necessitate your sending them, sans delay, to *Nostalgia Department, National Screw, 116 West 14th Street, New York, NY 10011*. Should you require another (reason, that is), kindly be reminded that a hefty \$25 check awaits any whose smut submissions find acceptance here. ●



The Art of Pussy Licking



Whether they know it or not, chicks love to have their pussies eaten, love it more than anything else. It'll never replace straight fucking as an emotional charge, but for sheer sensual pleasure there is nothing that pleases women more than an extended cunnilingus session. They get more out of it than a guy gets out of a blowjob. I mean, when a chick eats you, all that happens is that you get turned on, you moan and groan for a few minutes, and then you come. Come to think of it, that's not paltry either. But when you eat a chick, you'd better be prepared for upwards of 45 minutes of slurping around, because for her it's not a simple matter of peaking and dwindling.

If your chick has never had her box munched, she may not think much of the idea. There are an awful lot of women who are positively repulsed at the thought of somebody's mouth glued to their sloppy pussies, slurping

up their maidenly spends. This is because women, in ever so many ways, are even more fucked up than we are about sex! Do not fault yourself, sir, if you instinctively fear loss of control during the sex act, due to repressive

conditioning in your childhood. At least you can let go enough to come. But there are millions of chicks who can't even begin to get off! "It was so nice for the first half hour," they keep complaining at their consciousness-

raising kvetch sessions, "and I was all wet and open and everything, and then just as I was getting all worked up for the sixth try that night at my first orgasm, the dirty rotten pig chauvinist son of a bitch came and just left me hanging there!" Actually, the real reason some women feel repelled by cunnilingus is that they can't blame their inability to come on deficiencies in the masculine plumbing apparatus. But if you can just keep on sucking and licking indefinitely, you can *impel* her into orgasm.

The best way to do it is to position your ass within idle groping distance of her fingers—like above her shoulders—with your face down toward her belly. This way, as you eat her she can fool around with your cock and balls when the feeling seizes her. It's a funny thing, but there will be times, while you're eating her, when she can't get enough of your rig—jamming it around in both hands, jerking you off wildly, squeezing your balls. And then there'll be times when she'll just want to stroke your ass—or she'll just want to clasp both hands behind her head and pretend she's helpless (charming female trait, helplessness).

She'll generally keep you interested while you're doing your osculation thing down below. What you will do first, of course, is slick her up real well—biting slightly around her belly, thighs, tits, etc. This will serve to get her damp. Once you get down into her pussythatch, it's good to work up a lot of spit, coat your tongue with it, and damp her down from stem to stern.

Once you reach the nether regions, you'll discover an unexpected variety of furnishings, including most prominently her *hole* (vagina) and *clit* (clitoris). At first, searching for her clit, you may be confused by the number of folds of skin you encounter. Her clit is protected by a hood, which you must work away—by the gentle application of lips, tongue and even teeth—to render it bare and defenseless.

Warning: do not, at first, jam down roughly upon the clit and worry it strenuously. This will frighten her, poor thing, and very likely turn her off. Don't be brutish. First you slick down your tongue again and sort of lave the old-man-in-the-boat until she starts to moan and squirm in passion.

The clit is the really sensitive and responsive part. When exposed to the ravages of tongue and fingers, prefer-

ably wet fingers, this marble-sized nubbin sends her into spasms of virtual ecstasy. However, it is important to realize that a sudden excess of sensation sustained in this customarily ignored excrecence of her anatomy may freak out your lady at first, and so it is advisable that you alternate your gentle oral ministrations to her clit with occasional detours up and down the length of her hole, luxuriating therein with your tongue and masturbating the lips thereof with your mouth.

At this point, if she hasn't washed herself out lately, she might taste a little gamy, but don't let this bother you—it's the good, honest, working sweat of all mankind. It won't break the spell if you tell her to get her ass to the sink and wipe it off—the hippest young sophisticated penthouse playboys keep raspberry or lemon snatch jelly around, with which a lady can garnish her cunt to make it even more palatable. Pretty soon, when her vital juices commence flowing, it'll taste grand.

At first, her snatch will most likely be tight. You have to coax it open, talk it into relaxing by running a slick tongue along the crevice until it gives up all thought of resistance. After it blooms, you will notice a change in the texture of the flesh, the inner lips being quite velvety and smooth. After you've

warmed her up with clitlicking, it may amuse you to see what happens when you leave the site of the clit and proceed downward to the opening of the vagina itself. Thrust your tongue in there and work it around noisily. While this sensation isn't—for her—as powerful as clitlapping itself, it possesses a strong charm of its own and she will be all flustered and helpless to stop you. Very torturesome thing, cuntlapping!

After you've done this for a while—slurping at her clit and moiling away at her vagina, then back to her clit—she'll be rolling around, groaning, and finally you will receive a mouthful of wet stuff. In the soixante-neuf position, this fluid will probably flow into your nose, prompting a briny sneeze or two. But don't freak out here—she's just coming. Most of all, *don't stop!* Whatever you're doing at the time, keep doing it until she finishes coming. Do it regularly, evenly, making happy noises deep in your throat, and keep it up for as long as she keeps coming, which can be for several minutes. She'll writhe around violently for a minute, then she'll arch up and hold it for a long spell, and finally she'll relax.

Do not stop, though—that's just the first come. They get better as you lick along. She'll be coming a little bit every few seconds. What you should do now is start playing games. Surprise her by clambering down between her legs until you are touching her only with your mouth on her mouth and your hands on her thighs, and eating her straight to a succession of climaxes. Be fiery and intense. Devote yourself to eating that pussy as if that were the only thing in the world you ever intended to do. After five or ten minutes of such single-minded cannibalism, she will be unable to think of anything except getting her pussy eaten. Now, tickle her clit with the very tip of your tongue until she jams it into your face in frustration—then keep drawing your face away, keeping the tip of your tongue fluttering against her clit, until she is all strained out, spreadeagled on heels and elbows. Then jam down on her clit, driving her up the wall, scarfing and snarfing and snuffling away at her.

Eventually, a curious and wonderful thing will happen: her clit will turn inside out, blossom out of its hood so you can draw it entirely into your mouth,

(cont. on page 98)

The fluid will probably flow into your nose, prompting a briny sneeze or two.



(Last month you guys had it easy with our Feminine Fuckability Test. Just sat back and snickered as she took the hard knocks. Well, the good times are over. It's your turn to pick up a pencil and put your sexuality on the line. Come on, you erect Homo sapiens, gird your loins and get on with it.

Male Fuckability



Test

By Doctor

**Taddeus L. Farnboggle,
Ph.D.**



The *Scientific Institute for the Proliferation of Sexual Intercourse* has been conducting a careful study of the male erection and the methods employed by private citizens to get rid of this appalling condition. Exhaustive research has determined that two primary methods are in use. One involves gripping the offending organ firmly in the hand (or both hands, if you're so lucky) and massaging it vigorously. The other method, found to be popular in Milwaukee and other deprived areas, consists of inserting the organ into a sheath of human tissue and drawing it back and forth until the desired result has been obtained. Both methods are obviously primitive and unsanitary, but modern science is working to develop more satisfactory alternate outlets.

Until this scientific breakthrough is accomplished, how-

ever, it will be necessary to maintain the more primitive practices. We have found that the male heterosexual is often preoccupied with these matters and that certain rites have been developed over the years so that an appropriate sheath of human tissue may be obtained and utilized. Somewhat to the *Institute's* astonishment, we have discovered that a great many men not only indulge in these unsavory practices, but that they tend to exaggerate their prowess at accomplishing the act.

The following test has been cunningly devised at a cost of many thousands of dollars to enable male heterosexuals to judge their own proficiency. Try to answer these questions honestly and you will be able to categorize your own abilities and potential.

1. Have you ever fucked the wife of a friend?
Yes No
2. Has any new female acquaintance ever asked you point-blank to ball her?
Yes No
3. Have you seen the movie *Deep Throat*?
Yes No
4. Would you really like to throw one into Jackie Kennedy?
Yes No
5. Has any chick ever gone through obvious manipulations to meet you, get acquainted with you and screw you?
Yes No
6. Have you ever picked up a girl in a museum or other public place (excluding bars) and banged her that same day?
Yes No
7. Do you feel your cock is (A) Extra Large. (B) Average size. (C) Under-nourished.
8. Have you been laid in the past seven days?
Yes No
9. Have you been laid in the past 24 hours?
Yes No
10. Have you jerked off in the past 24 hours?
Yes No
11. Have you had a wet dream in the past two weeks?
Yes No
12. How have you met the majority of the girls you have laid? (You can check off more than one.)
A) In bars B) At parties
C) Through social groups, clubs, etc. D) Through friends

(E) Through girlfriends you have also banged__

13. Have you ever knocked a girl up (and didn't marry her)?
Yes__ No__

14. Has any chick ever slapped your face in the past six months during a romantic situation?
Yes__ No__

15. How many times can you come in a single night of screwing?
A) Once__ B) Twice__ C) Three times__ D) Four times__ E) More than four times__

16. How many virgins have you deflowered during your career?
A) None__ B) One__ C) More than one__

17. Do girls ever telephone you?
Yes__ No__

18. Have you ever fucked a girl in her living room while her roommates or family were sleeping in the same house or apartment?
Yes__ No__

19. Has any girl ever sucked or jerked you off in a movie theatre?
Yes__ No__

20. Has any girl ever told you that you are the greatest lover she's ever had?
Yes__ No__

21. Have you fucked more than one married woman (while she was still married)?
Yes__ No__

22. Have you ever participated in a gangbang or orgy?
Yes__ No__

23. How often do you actually manage to get into your date's pants?
A) Almost every date__ B) About one date out of three__ C) One out of five__ D) One out of ten or more__

24. Do you lap pussy (you can check more than one):
A) Before fucking__ B) After fucking__ C) Anytime (no fucking involved)__ D) Never__

25. Have you ever taken a girl forcibly and then she came back for more?
Yes__ No__

26. Do you frequently indulge in sexual practices regarded as perverse by society (excluding homosexual acts)?
Yes__ No__

27. Have you ever laid a girl who expressed interest in perverse acts?
Yes__ No__

28. Have you ever made it with a women whose age difference was (you can check more than one):
A) Five years younger than yourself__ B) Ten years younger than yourself__ C) Five to ten years older than you__

29. Have you ever paid for a piece of ass?
Yes__ No__

30. How do you rate yourself as a lover?
A) The greatest!__
B) Experienced, satisfying__
C) Awkward, sometimes inept__

Ordinarily a high-minded scientific test like this would be rated by a computer, but since it is unlikely that you have a computer available, we have developed, at great expense,

the following rating system to determine your score. Each of your answers is given a number in the following table. Compare your answers with it and add up your score.

1. Yes—10 No—5
2. Yes—10 No—0
3. Yes—0 No—2
4. Yes—SUBTRACT FIVE POINTS FROM YOUR TOTAL SCORE.
No—0
5. Yes—5 No—0
6. Yes—10 No—0
7. (A)—5 (b)—5 (C)—0
8. Yes—5 No—0
9. Yes—10 No—0
10. Yes—0 No—5
11. Yes—0 No—5
12. (A)—3 (B)—3 (C)—3 (D)—0 (E)—10
13. Yes—5 No—0
14. Yes—0 Yes—3
15. (A)—2 (B)—4 (C)—6
(D)—8 (E)—0 (YOU'RE PROBABLY LYING.)
16. (A)—0 (B)—5 (C)—10
17. Yes—5 No—0
18. Yes—10 No—0
19. Yes—5 No—0
20. Yes—2 No—0
21. Yes—10 No—0
22. Yes—5 No—0
23. (A)—10 (B)—5 (C)—3 (D)—0
24. (A)—3 (B)—5 (C)—10 (D)—0
25. Yes—3 No—0
26. Yes—5 No—0
27. Yes—5 No—0
28. (A)—3 (B)—5 (C)—3
29. Yes—0 No—4
30. (A)—0 (B)—5
(C)—2 (AT LEAST YOU'RE HONEST.)

ADD UP YOUR POINTS AND CHECK YOUR SCORE.

0-50:

You're a jerk-off artist and have probably never been laid. You're shy about meeting girls and you don't know what to do with them after you've met them. Latch onto a friend who has a reputation for scoring. Observe his technique. Get him to throw you his left-overs.

50-100:

You're an average type who gets his end wet occasionally but could use a lot more. Your technique needs improving. Chances are you're a bit on the square side and you have a lot of sexual fantasies which you're a little ashamed of. There are a lot of hungry pussies out there, friend, and if you can shed some of your feelings of inferiority you can get your share.

100-150:

You are a cocksman. You've spread many a thigh and you don't have the excess energy for wet dreams or hand sessions. You've probably got two or more girls on the string and are banging them in rotation, with your eyes open for new targets. Keep eating oysters and steaks.

150-200:

You are a dirty rotten bastard... and girls just adore dirty rotten bastards. You're conceited and inattentive. Your line should be tape-recorded and preserved in the Library of Congress. You are up to your ears in eager, willing cunts and there are more waiting in line. You know how to meet, seduce and fuck, and you read this rag for laughs, not for hard-ons.

Stripping

(cont. from page 67)

There was one guy who was really crazy. Kept talking to himself and laughing and lined up five coffees and drank one after the other. Then, when I got off stage, he says to me, 'I wanna buy you a dress.' So I say, 'How much can I spend?' and he says, '\$80.' So I say, 'Let's go.' And he was loaded, showed me this huge roll of money. And really, all he wanted to do was buy me a dress. And he got me some shoes, too. He was crazy. Then there was another guy. Good looking, almost a millionaire or something. He wanted to take me away, give me an apartment. But I just didn't like him. I don't do anything with anybody I don't like.

"Oh, one place I worked there was this guy who came in all the time and put hundred-dollar bills in the girl's garters. This guy was a robber, used to steal from banks and stores. We all liked him.

"Most of the these men who come, they have no family, they live alone in one room. They want a little kiss, a hand in their hair, they want to feel someone likes them.

"Do I have enough time for a personal life? Well, there's sometimes two hours between shows. That's enough time to see a boyfriend."

The Follies is managed by a very sweet, grey-haired man named Harry, who talks about the girls with genuine fondness, almost like a father. He asked Tina Marie something he said he'd always wanted to ask: "Why do you always dance to sentimental music?"

"Because I'm sentimental. I'm a romantic."

Most strippers choose their own dancing music and bring eight-track tapes with them when they work.

Harry talked dolefully about the strippers.

"You wanna know why they're here? Because it's the only thing they know how to do, it's all they *can* do. Oh, sure, they could wash dishes for \$80 a week or work in a massage parlor. But that's just it. This isn't a massage parlor. You come into this place a virgin, you can go out a virgin. Not that I'm saying anybody here is a virgin. Some of them got families to support, most come from broken homes, and they all got secrets. They put on an act for you

like they put on an act on stage. There's a girl here who's broken up over some guy, takes off to see him, it don't work out, she comes back here, over and over. Her heart's broken and she walks around doing her act. What's she gonna do?

"You know how I get some of my girls? Some of them come in as customers, to see the show, some with boyfriends, some with a bunch of girls. I see one I like and I go up to her. 'Would you like to earn \$400 a week?' If they say yes, I say, 'Can you dance?' No? 'Well, can you walk?' 'Can you crawl?' I tell them nobody's gonna lay a hand on them unless they ask for it. Most say they can't do it. But some will come back in a few weeks, others will send a friend who needs the money.



**The money's what
it's all about.**

"You notice any difference between this place and the others? That's right. I got very nice, clean girls, young, with talent. It's a real show. A girl can work clean as a whistle because she's got talent. They make their tips because they dance and strip well. Girls that ain't got no talent, what else can they do but lay down on the end of the stage and spread their legs?"

Harry called over a girl named Chi-Chi. "Hey, tell her the story about the two guys last night."

Chi-Chi banged the table with her fist. "It's a good thing you threw them out. These two guys were so stoned and I was on stage doing my act and one of them just jumps up and grabs my ass. I kicked him away and he jumps up and

does it again. I grabbed onto his hair and pulled until a handful came out in my hand. I was screaming louder than him. I told him, 'Don't you ever touch a *lady*!'"

Another Tina—Tina Velley—has the same sentiments for people who grab.

"I told one guy, 'I'll take my shoe and hit a hole in your head so you don't do it again.'

"What I don't enjoy I don't do. I like to show my body to everyone. Well, no, maybe not. But everything that is good to have, I have. I come from Venezuela. My parents, my whole family put together enough money to send me to a Catholic boarding school in the U.S. I wanted to become a nun because I fell in love with a nun. I just wanted to be near her. There was no sex, I was just infatuated.

"I love girls, all kinds of girls. I'm not all gay; I lay who I want to lay. I'm everything; everything is fun. Some of the regular customers are very pleasant. Sometimes you gotta pretend you like them, some I do like. But, it's all a show. Nothing ever turns me on when I'm on stage.

"I'm married, well, separated. I have a little girl. I don't get to see my daughter often enough. And she's so cute. I've been doing this for five years on and off. I guess I keep going until I'm 50. No, what I want is to get another job, to have some peace of mind and enjoy my daughter before she's all grown up."

Very late one night, after hanging around one club for hours, I watched the girls shuffle off stage into the harsh lights of the dressing room. Their motions were exhausted, listlessly dropping their g-strings on the table or backs of chairs. They sat silent, staring blankly into the mirrors as one cigarette after the other clouded over the odors of makeup and sweat. I sat slouched in a corner, fighting off a headache from the oppressive heat the dripping air conditioner could only move, not cool. One girl came over to stand in front of me, her eyelids drooping, eyes bloodshot, and offered an apt cynical summation:

"Hey, honey, anyone who says she strips 'cause she likes to dance or thinks this is big time show business or something is just bullshitting. It's like a prostitute saying she hooks 'cause she likes to screw. Come off it. The money's what it's all about."

Peyote Papers

(cont. from page 24)

was legal to sell it by the straightforward expedient of asking a cop.

"Pardon me, officer, is it legal to sell peyote in New Orleans?"

"Peyote? What's that?"

"Well, it's a cactus ingested by writers, artists, and philosophers in order to elevate their consciousness and enhance their perception."

"Oh, ya mean *dope!*"

And the cop busted the Embalmer on the technicality of the hunting knife sticking out of his back pocket. The poor lad spent his first Mardi Gras in the drunk tank, but he was soon released, and again, nothing went any further.

And in the *Dollar Sign* itself I witnessed a rather boggling non-confrontation. One night in walk two obvious narc types in actual trenchcoat and fedora hats. They sit down at a table and it's obvious that Baron has been visited by these inept undercover cops many times before from the way he walks up to their table.

"Hello, boys."

"Uh...er...hello, Baron...."

"Look, you guys are in here all the time and you never buy a goddamn thing. There's a 50¢ minimum here, so either order some coffee or buy some peyote or split."

And with my jaw hanging open, I watched the two narcs slink out of the place like wet cats into the cold night.

Eventually, of course, the wheels of the law had to grind, but they ground exceedingly slow and with great caution, trying to stop this overground sale of peyote on the narrowest possible grounds and thus avoid the real legal confrontation that Baron was looking for.

First the Food and Drug Administration told Baron that processing peyote into caps for sale was manufacturing a processed drug without a license. No arrest, but if Baron defied the ruling, he would be charged with illegal manufacture, not with selling an illegal drug, so the legality of peyote itself would not become an issue in the case. So Baron stopped selling the capsules but continued to sell the raw buttons. The volume of the peyote trade fell off to those with either the knowledge and



Baron killed himself by jamming a pencil up his left nostril and into his brain.

willingness to process the buttons themselves or the stomach to eat them raw.

Then the FDA began to hit Baron with a lot of obscure regulations. The thrust of this attack was to treat peyote as a vegetable and close down Baron's operation by finding him in violation of various rules governing interstate commerce in foodstuffs and the retail sale of same. At no time did actual Federal narcs, city, or state police get involved. The government was attempting to deal with the whole issue by bureaucratic suppression rather than police power, apparently not wanting to subject the drug laws to a constitutional test.

Finally, Baron stopped selling peyote entirely and went to court contending that his constitutional rights were being interfered with by the campaign to stop the sale of peyote. *The New York Times* did a piece on Baron's legal action. The legal phase of the peyote plot was at last under way. But alas, the drama was to go no further.

One morning, I picked up the *Times* and I read that Baron was dead. He

had committed suicide under what were vaguely described as bizarre circumstances. His body had been found in a room containing 350 pounds of peyote.

A day or two later I saw the Embalmer. I didn't have to ask him what was on my mind. He was eager to feed me the information.

"Baron killed himself by jamming a pencil up his nose," the Embalmer said.

I stared at him with my ears bugged out. The Embalmer giggled. "It's true," he said. "An Eberhard-Faber Number Two. Up his left nostril and into his brain."

Now Baron made a point of never taking peyote. The Embalmer, on the other hand, had reputedly taken more peyote than any other non-Indian in the world. Did Baron finally try his own goods and go bananas enough to pierce his own brain with a pencil? Was the Embalmer garbled enough to make such a thing up? Could *anyone* make such a thing up?

I don't know. I also don't know what happened to Baron's Doomsday Book. All I do know is that the peyote plot died with Baron in that roomful of buttons. The constitutionality of the drug laws was never challenged according to Baron's plan. Years later, the psychedelic revolution came through LSD and Timothy Leary, outside the law. Was the history of the 1960's changed by a Number Two Eberhard-Faber pencil?

We return to the present from those innocent days of yesteryear. In 1959, there was no CIA paranoia. There had been no Kennedy assassination, no Warren Commission, no Vietnam war, no Watergate, no plumbbers. No one doubted that Baron's death was suicide—*The New York Times* had said so.

Today, one might allow that for such a person in such a position to die in such circumstances might cause one to contemplate the possibility that some agency or other might have had policy reasons to keep its pencils sharp.

But no one will ever be able to sort out the fantasy from the fact in certain parts of this story. Not you or me or the Embalmer. The history that never got a chance to be seldom gets into the books. How close it came we will never know.

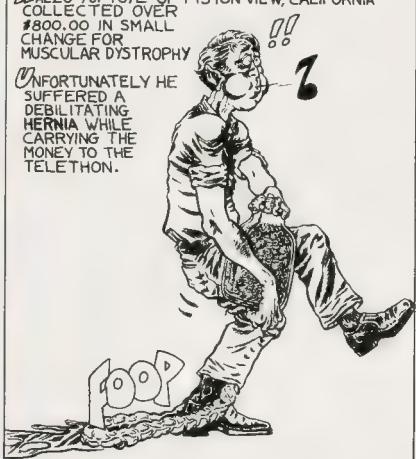
By the length of a Number Two pencil? •

Yossarian's BELIEVE IT OR REACT IT

© 1976 YOSSARIAN

WALZO YUPTOYE OF PISTON VIEW, CALIFORNIA COLLECTED OVER \$800.00 IN SMALL CHANGE FOR MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY

UNFORTUNATELY HE SUFFERED A DEBILITATING HERNIA WHILE CARRYING THE MONEY TO THE TELETHON.



THE PSYCHOPATHIC GENIUS LUTHER TOTH HAS DISCOVERED A CURE FOR LEUKEMIA IN THE LABORATORY ESPECIALLY ERECTED FOR HIM IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, WHERE HE IS CURRENTLY SERVING A FORTY YEAR SENTENCE FOR VARIOUS SEX CRIMES. HOWEVER, HE REFUSES TO REVEAL HIS SECRET UNLESS HE IS GRANTED SAFE PASSAGE TO A SPECIFIED ARAB COUNTRY AND SEVENTY FIVE YOUNG BOYS.



KYLE KAPUSTA OF AVENUE B NEW YORK CITY CAN MOVE A REFRIGERATOR ACROSS THE LENGTH OF A ROOM BY SNORTING AT IT THROUGH A ROLLED DOLLAR BILL.



NEW TECHNIQUES HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN TO ALLOW A FRESH CORPSE TO BE FREEZE-DRIED® AND STORED, UNTIL THE DAY WHEN MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY HAS ADVANCED TO THE POINT OF BEING ABLE TO CURE WHATEVER ailment THE DECEASED HAD SUCUMBED TO... AND OF COURSE ANY DAMAGE WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE FREEZE-DRY® PROCESS.

THIS NEW METHOD HAS MANY BENEFITS OVER TRADITIONAL ATTEMPTS AT IMMORTALITY THROUGH CRYONICS, AS THE SUBJECT NEED NOT BE REFRIGERATED AFTER FREEZE-DRYING. THE TOTAL COST SHOULD BE UNDER TEN DOLLARS.

6,000,000 JEWS

HAVE BEEN FOUND ALIVE, AND LIVING IN ARGENTINA



SOME NERVE DEPT.

BOB DYLAN KNOWS ALL THE SECRETS OF EXISTENCE...



... BUT HE AIN'T SAYING SHIT!

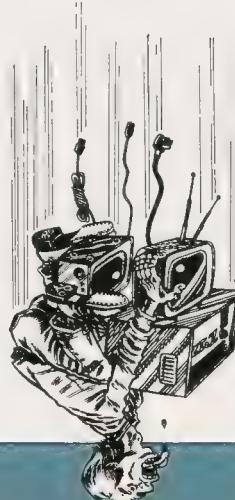
L. HARMON UMEKI OF SOUTHBEND, INDIANA HOLDS THE MENS RECORD FOR SUCCESSIVE ORGASM (TWENTY THREE IN A FIVE-HOUR PERIOD). ALTHOUGH THE RECORD WAS SECURED SIX YEARS AGO, MR. UMEKI STILL NEEDS THE ASSISTANCE OF FOUR STRONG MEN IN ORDER TO URINATE



THROWN FROM THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, A LINCOLN PENNY, LANDING ON END SQUARELY IN THE CENTER OF A PERSON'S HEAD WOULD PENETRATE TO THE BOWELS, UNLESS IMPEDED BY PROSTHETIC DEVICES OR ARTIFICIAL ORGANS.

NOT SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

THE AVERAGE NEW YORK CITY HEROIN ADDICT CAN SURVIVE A SEVEN STORY FALL WHILE CARRYING TWO SMALL-SCREEN TV SETS AND A SIX THOUSAND B.T.U. AIR CONDITIONER.



Pussy Licking

(cont. from page 91)

sucking it like an oyster. This technique is called in the *Ananga Ranga* the *swallowing of the oyster*. At this point, her come begins to taste as if it's mixed with malt. I think the malt taste comes from the bacteria (the beneficial sort, like penicillin) that is being washed down from the area of her cervix by all that come.

You have now reached the moment when all your attention should be devoted to the clit. She'll lay there like she's stoned on hash, while these intense come-changes drain her body like tidal waves. Finally her belly will start rippling like jello in an earthquake, she might even blow a few loud farts, and then she'll do her damndest to get the hell away from you!

What you do is keep at her. I mean follow her ass all around that bed, down onto the floor, up the wall, all around the room, keeping your face plastered to her pussy while she kicks and screams. Do not, at this point, do any licking—that might bring her down! Just keep your tongue flat on her clit without moving. It'll take forever, but finally she'll lay there exhausted, wiped out, wrecked, shredded!

Now, if all goes well, she will have reached a summit of unendurable sensation, and commence begging you to cease. Wait, though, until she actually tears her snatch away from your mouth before you really stop. Then it's time for some cuddling and comforting until she gets her breath back.

Cunnilingus will teach you to understand the subtle phenomena of female excitation. Be aware that what passes for orgasm in a woman is not at all similar to the true male climax; that is, a fairly uniform rush to a sudden consummation, and an immediate cessation of lust. No, for a woman, coming is a maddeningly involved and complex process, a mysterious and nearly religious process fraught with profound physical changes and absurd delicacies mixed with ferocious primal rages that would scare you shitless to experience yourself.

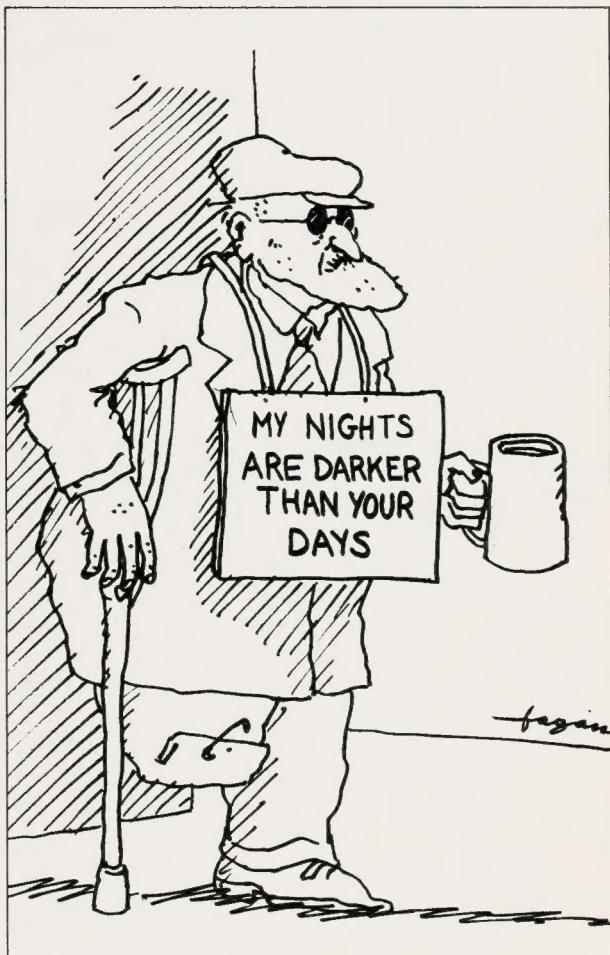
Basically, she will be moving in her mind and body, as you eat her, to successive plateaus of sensation, each one different and a little more involved than the last. From an itch to a tickle

to an orgasm is roughly the way it goes, only on an immeasurably more powerful scale. In any case, it would be wise to attune yourself to her progression of sensation—the way she writhes, the taste of her pussy juices, the noises coming from her throat, etc., etc.

One problem the neophyte licker will encounter—unless he's a glassblower—is tiring of the jaws. Pussy-licking requires constant, steady movement of the mouth, and if you aren't up to it physically you're bound to have problems. All I can say is, work at it. Eat lots of pussy so that your jaw

muscles will tone themselves properly. This might come in handy someday if you find yourself dangling from the Empire State Building by a rope, holding two babies in your arms.

One more happy tip: for both you and your lady a candy sucker can be a fun gimmick in cunnilingus. I recommend the thick, broad Schrafft's sort, especially the cherry variety. Lick it down and wipe it all over her snatch, fuck her with it a few minutes. It's sticky as hell, a real trip for her and a taste treat for you, all mixed with that come.





Enough people were arrested for marijuana
in 1973 to empty the whole city of St. Paul, Minnesota.
Don't you think it's time we stopped?



NORML

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE REFORM
OF MARIJUANA LAWS

2317 M STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

I enclose \$15.00 membership fee. (Students and Military \$10.00)
 I'm not a joiner but I would still like to help with a contribution.
Send along the following NORML items. All the proceeds from their
sale go toward furthering the fight.

LAPEL PINS @ \$1.00 each
STICKERS @ 3 for \$1.00 STAMPS @ \$1.00 per Sheet
T-SHIRTS @ \$4.50 each S M L XL

STICKERS @ 3 for \$1.00 STAMPS @ \$1.00 per Sheet

T-SHIRTS @ \$4.50 each S M L XL

NORML

T-SHIRTS @ \$4.50 each
S M L XL

GOLD MARIJUANA
LEAF PINS @ \$1.00 each

Send along additional information

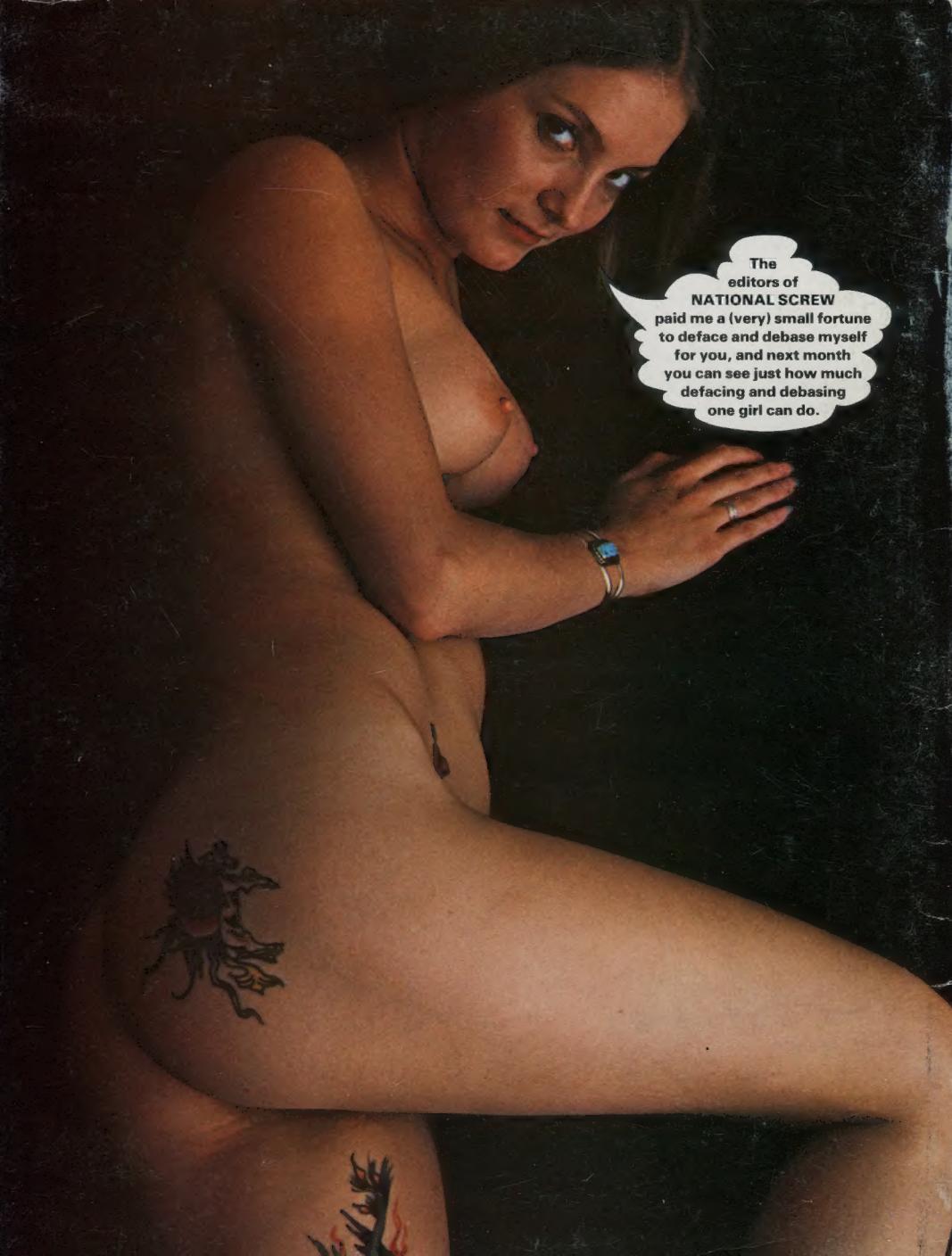
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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Print Name

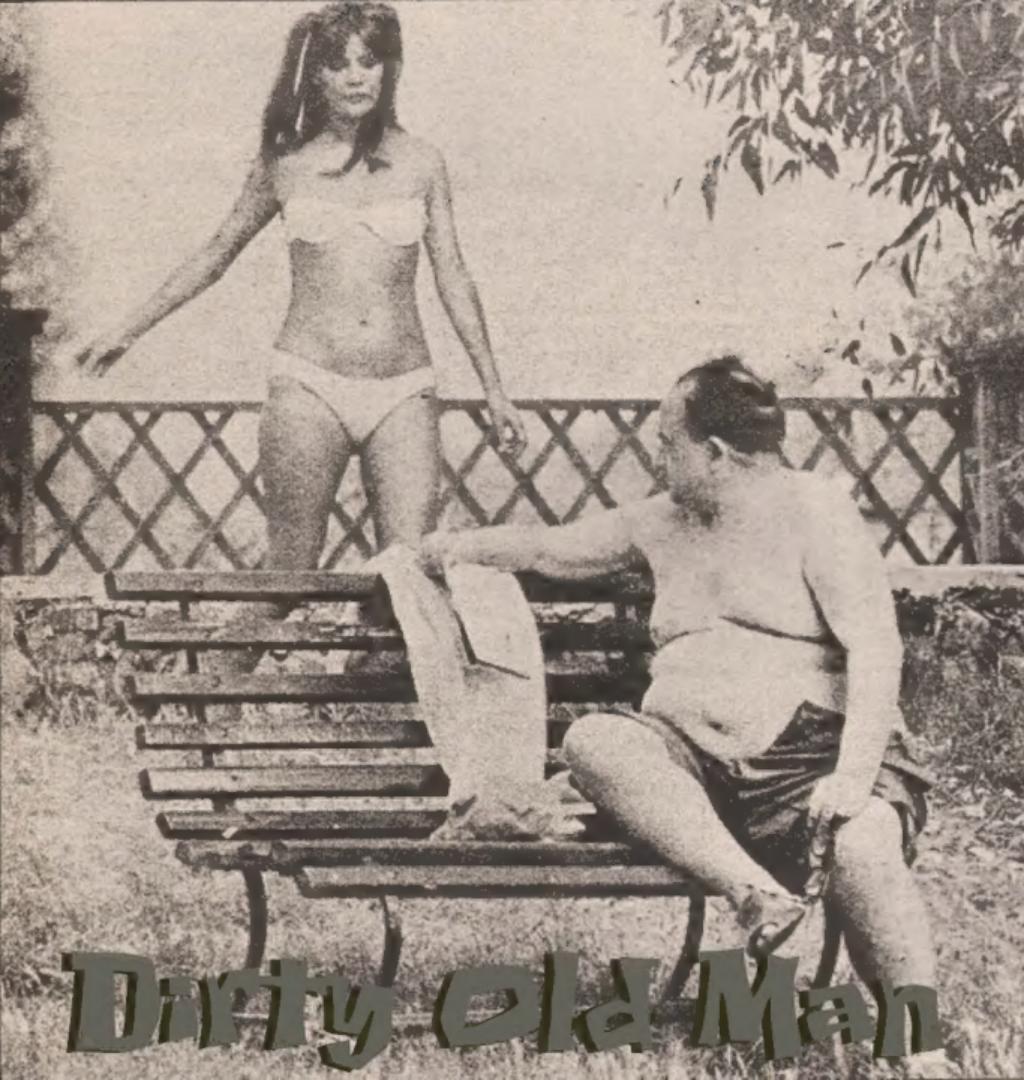
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The
editors of

NATIONAL SCREW

paid me a (very) small fortune
to deface and debase myself
for you, and next month
you can see just how much
defacing and debasing
one girl can do.



Dirty Old Man